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MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

**The Augusta**  
**Seminary Annual,**

**Edited by**  
**The English Literature Classes.**

**Staunton, Virginia.**

**May, 1892.**

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Our friends who may want papers after the school session can procure them by addressing Miss Mattie Wayt, Staunton, Va.

# The Augusta Seminary Annual.

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Vol. II.

Staunton, Virginia, May, 1892.

No. II.

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## Over the Range and through the Desert.

Having heard California described as the "land of eternal summer," you may imagine our surprise upon reaching San Francisco on the second of August to find the women enveloped in furs, and the men in overcoats. We were thinly clad, expecting to find extreme heat, but soon profited by the example of others, and were more comfortable when wrapped in heavy flannels and fur capes.

Having lingered in this interesting city for several days, and taken a sad farewell of the Golden Gate and a willing one of China-town, on the eighth of August we boarded the east-bound train of the Southern Pacific Railway.

Unfortunately we left San Francisco (there, almost universally called simply "Frisco") at 9 P. M., so our run through the picturesque valley of the Sacramento, and up the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas was made during the night. The next morning while breakfasting, we were surprised to find that we were running through snow. But this was not, strictly speaking, the region of *perpetual* snow, as it lay only in patches here and there; yet we could note its effect in the air, and drew our wraps more closely around us; within close view were many snow-capped peaks,—in the language of our porter, "White-caps, Miss, dem is, snow never do melt!"

Here at an elevation of 7000 feet, the scenery is magnificent, no words of mine can express its grandeur. At Summit, the highest point reached by the railway, the train halted, and gave us time for a lingering glance over the hills and valleys leading away toward the peaceful Pacific. Here we loitered a few moments on the great divide of the Eastern and Western slopes, and the Atlantic and Pacific water-sheds, and then plunged through a tunnel to find ourselves com-

manding another magnificent view, and we felt more at home from the mere fact that we were once more on the Atlantic side of the Rockies.

A great draw-back to the enjoyment of this view is the snow-sheds, which although necessary for travel in winter, are annoying to the summer tourist, and almost entirely cut off the out-look. Tantalizing glimpses of range beyond range, and of snow-capped peaks, as well as of Webber and Donner lakes were to be had through the loop-holes cut in the sides of these sheds. In our descent a panorama of pine-clad hills and splintered mountain pinnacles was spread before us. Frequently we could see as many as three different sections of our own track winding through the valleys and around the cliffs beneath us.

At length, having whirled around the last hill, we came to Truckee, where the west-bound trains consider that they begin the ascent. By degrees, we began to notice a change in the appearance of the soil, and the conductor called our attention to the fact that we were nearing what is known as "The Great Nevada Desert." But a more noticeable change than that of the soil, it being more sudden, was the change in the temperature. All began laying aside wraps, and in the course of two hours, not only wraps were dispensed with, but flannel traveling waists were exchanged for linen ones by the ladies, and heavy coats for tennis jackets by the gentlemen. At noon, we were rushing along through the blazing sands of the desert, and the thermometer registered 106° in the coolest nook in the car. Picture in your mind the contrast between this and the snow in the midst of which we had eaten breakfast.

This run of three days and two nights through the desert, although the most interesting part of our whole trip, is the part I least desire to repeat. The desert is absolutely uninhabited, not even the smallest animal being able to exist in this arid region.

The monotony of the day was varied only by the occasional meeting of a water train; frequently we ran ten hours without making a stop, and then there was but one house at a station, this belonging to the railway, its keeper being one man "alone in his glory."

The heat was intense, and often we could have no ventilation on account of the alkali beds. These occur at different points through the desert, and while running through them every crack had to be closed, for this sand even if breathed through the nostrils, makes the throat quite sore. The rapid movement of the train sets it in motion, and it enters the cars through the slightest opening.

Not only the body became tired of confinement to the warm car, but the eyes grew tired of the dazzling brightness of the sun reflected from the glistening sand and from the yellowish brown crags which scarcely deserve the name of mountains. These I know not how to describe; they shoot almost perpendicularly into the air, and in shape and appearance reminded me of the Palisades along the Hudson, though much higher.

There is no vegetation in the desert but the sage-grass, and this is hardly vegetation, merely a tinge of green and as parched and dry looking as the desert itself. The soil, however, on which it grows is said to be rich when irrigated, as Humboldt, truly an "oasis in the desert," shows. Here the eye of the tourist is rested by seeing again green trees and fresh cool grass; and even the ear is lulled by the soft music of the fountain of sparkling water.

Seven miles to the north-east can be seen, crowned with perpetual snow, Star Peak, the highest mountain in the Humboldt Range. About fifty yards beyond Humboldt, we came to Mirage station, so called from the phenomenon peculiar to the desert. The green trees and lakes of bright water, apparently at a distance of only a few miles, are said to be only optical illusions and to have allured from the beaten track of the trail many emigrants who perished in their attempt to reach the supposed lake. This emigrant trail is near the railway, and in many places we saw bones of horses and cows, though no human skeletons.

In this seemingly God-forsaken land, the passengers, though strangers at first, gradually grew into one great family. My most obliging friend was the porter, who opened the following conversation with me one night while making down my berth: "Where you from, Miss?" When I answered, "Virginia," he said, "Law, now, didn't I tell the



boss you was from the South? I knowed it, 'cause all dem Southern ladies is tall."

Among other friends was an interesting bridal party, consisting of a groom of seventy years, a bride of twenty-three, and a step-daughter of twenty-five dressed in mourning for her mother, who had died only six months before. The marriage had taken place in San Francisco the day we left, and the three were on their way to Europe.

We had all been looking forward with pleasure to the Black Cañon, and our young bride was especially exuberant upon reaching it. When we were about half-way through the Cañon, and all were rapt in admiration, she looked up at her husband and said, innocently "But where is the cannon?"

Another acquaintance was an old gentleman who had gone through the desert in an emigrant wagon with the "forty-niners." He was familiar with almost every point, and frequently seemed touched when recalling by gone days.

We reached Salt Lake City tired and dusty, and were glad to spend two days wandering through its cool avenues. When we pursued our journey, we found ourselves again in a desert not unlike the one through which we had just come; but to this we were only doomed for one day.

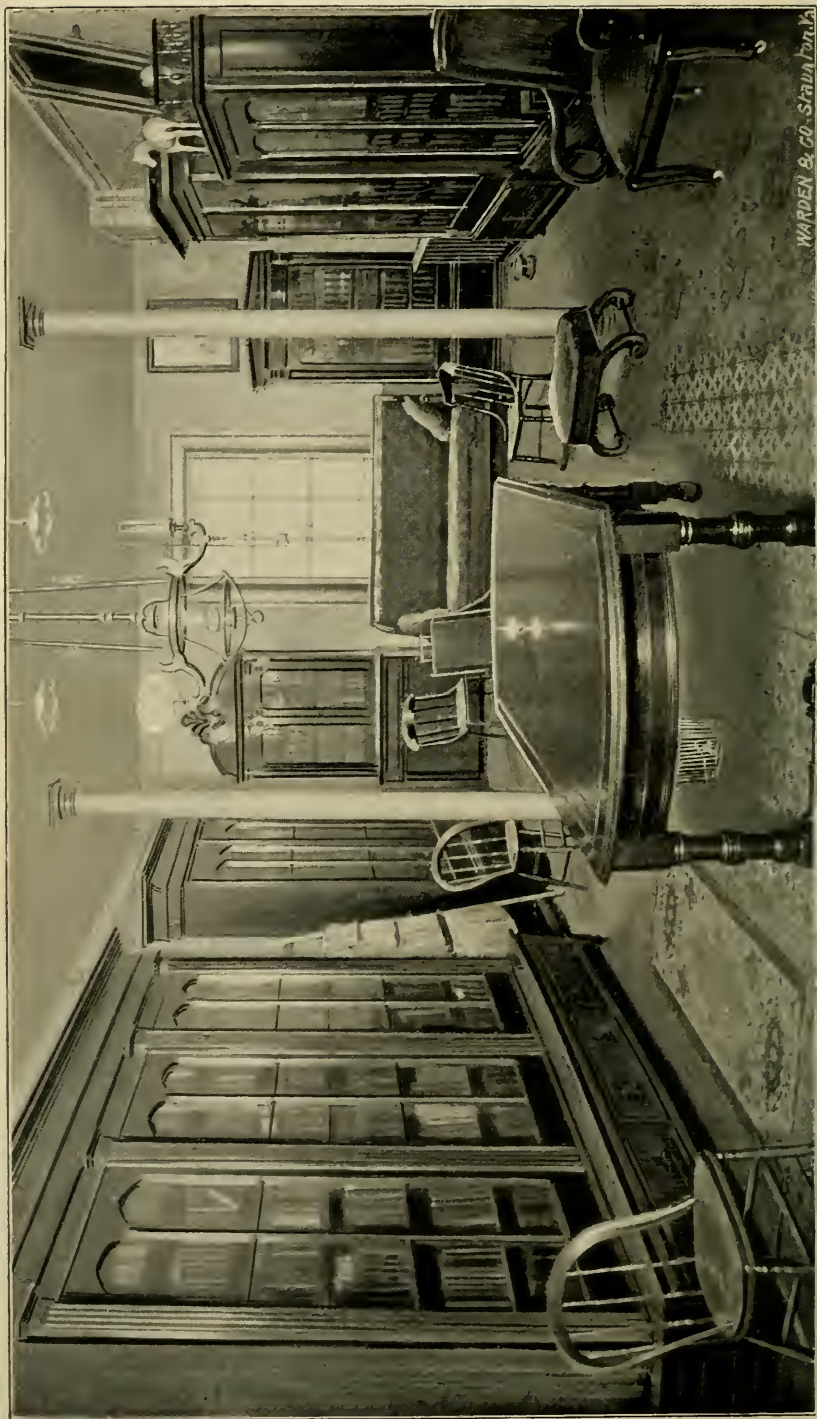
When we reached Grand Junction, where we were to change cars, we found a wreck ahead, and could only run within half a mile of the station. One of our passengers secured a torch, and, with baggage in hand, by the flickering light of the miner's torch, we finished our trip through the desert on foot, with that uncertain feeling which it gives one to walk through sand.

It was a relief to feel that we were at last rid of those monotonous days and the burning heat, but no sooner had I closed my eyes than I was again in the midst of an alkali bed, and trying to lower my window, or again trudging over that last half mile, and as I dreamed of the fountain at Humboldt, a jar of the train awoke me to look upon green trees and grass, and the clear cool water at the mouth of the Black Cañon.

Ethel Gibbs.







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LIBRARY.

## A Morning in the Library.

The first heavy snow fall of last winter was the important event of the season to us Georgia girls; but with it came a sprained ankle for me, the result of a chase down "covered way" with Julia just behind me, her hands full of snow.

I spent two weary weeks on the lounge in the lower room at the Infirmary where I learned many lessons not out of books, lessons of patience, not only from my own sufferings, but more than all, from her who gives us an example of all that is lovely and self-sacrificing, from our nurse, our friend. When I could first walk a little, I was allowed to spend my mornings in the Library. There I continued the studies of human nature begun on the sofa, as I had watched Dr. Wayt go in and out two or three times a day, or a half a dozen semi-invalids with their monotony of complaints, and unwearying, kind Alice and Lucy.

One morning I entered just as the girls were going to Chapel, and finding no one in the room, wandered about for a while in search of something to read. I looked through the first case where I knew I should find Lowell, Addison, Irving, Macaulay, Carlyle, Mrs. Oliphant, and the other authors, dear to us of the Literature class; passed with a smile the locked case containing the books forbidden us during school hours, the Waverleys, and the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, George Eliot, and other novelists; and gained at last the "poet's corner," where I was satisfied to stop for a while.

Just as the last strains of "Rock of Ages" were wafted down to me from Chapel, I selected a copy of Wordsworth, and curled myself up in the big arm chair, thinking to myself,

"Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can  
Frac critical dissection,  
But keek through every other man  
We sharpened, sly inspection."

A heavy tramp was heard, I knew that the girls were coming down, and I should soon have company. Nearer they came, and then I heard the noisy troop divide, and some go up "covered-way" to recitations, while the

rest go by the window at the end of the room, some going up the stairs to the music rooms, others—there is a rush in the hall, and in they come. The first comer goes quickly to the first book-case, draws out a volume of Carlyle, and walking over to the table, takes out her note-book and sets to work; her friend enters in an easy, graceful manner, smiles at her own face in the long mirror, as she stops a moment to arrange her bangs, and leisurely saunters over to the paper file, and opens the morning paper. Soon the little girl over in the corner, who has a volume of the Century Dictionary spread out before her on the floor, is sighing over her Latin derivatives; while on the other side of the room one of the History girls is beseeching the Librarian to tell her where to find something about Chinese Gordon.

When the ten bell rings two members of the Literature class rush in, and fly to the first book case, but there is a look of dismay when the desired Carlyle is missing, and is found in the hands of the first comer. One, we'll call her A, finds a second copy behind the row of books, where it has been hidden for safe keeping; B, not so fortunate, amuses herself by asking the busy girls how much of the "Essay on Burns" they have read, as if it does any good to know that one has read only down to the "sermon on the duty of staying at home;" and B goes on tormenting and interfering. "Oh my! how full you are making your notes!" "I haven't time to keep mine in ink, and they won't be half so nice as yours," she says impatiently.

"Oh, do go to work and stop talking!" exclaims A; and so finding herself the only idle one, B, settles down to learn an anecdote to tell at French conversation; everything is quiet, and for fifteen minutes even the ticking clock and the sound of the fast flying pens seem loud.

I have become very much absorbed in my reading, but a sudden hum of voices distracts me, and I look up to find the Librarian gone, and hear, "Oh! do you know we are going to have ice-cream for dinner to-day?" "Why of course the snow's on the ground." "By the way, do you think Miss Baldwin 'ill let us go sleigh-riding to-morrow?" "Hope so, for there is no soiree to-morrow night, and none of us will be kept at home on account of rehearsals." "I

thought Mrs. Darrow was going to have her's then," etc. There seems no end to the questions. "Did you know to-day was composition reading?" "Oh, is it? Then we won't have news class, and I have lots of news to tell." In the midst of the chattering a step is heard just outside the door, and everything instantly becomes quiet. Oh! it is only one of the girls, who, while working at her short-hand and type writing was attracted by the noise; and she has a startling piece of news for us. Miss Baldwin has said that the "Lotus Glee Club" will be in Staunton Tuesday night, and we can go. "What shall I wear?" was uttered as if from one voice, by every one in the room. A question as puzzling as the same last week about the "Tacky ball."

In the midst of these conferences we are startled by Mr. King's coming in to ask one of the girls to sign a check, and before we get noisy again the Librarian returns. I do not now care to go back to my reading, and so begin to ask questions about the queer looking—photograph, shall I call it?—that hangs under the large painting of Stonewall Jackson. Others become interested in the discussion, and it is found to be a photograph of the original copy of Magna Charter, and the ever new problem, "Is it French?" "Is it Latin?" "Is it English or Chinese?" again comes up, and each girl finds a word to prove the truth of her solution.

The little bell rings now, and we are compelled to be quiet. However, we are hardly quiet, when the music from a minstrel band calls us all to the front window.

Just as the last wagon disappears, the dinner bell sounds. Some of us loiter for a while, pleasantly chatting as we put our books in the right cases, while others hurry out to see who got express packages; but the thought of ice-cream for dinner quickens every step, the key of the library is turned, hidden under the organ cover in the hall, and we all go to the dining-room.

Janie Brawner.



## European Sketches,

### I. A Walk in Switzerland.

All of us were up early on Friday morning ready for our long anticipated drive from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen. The road lay through a narrow valley between high precipitous cliffs, with the full glory of the Jungfrau before us. Just below the Staubbach Falls we stopped at a queer little shop, examined the wood-carving, the peasant woman's lace, and bought our alpenstocks. Then we pedestrians saw the others start back to Interlaken, and ourselves set out on our walking tour. We followed our guide and porter, a sturdy little mountaineer, but so small that the compassionate heart of one of our trio wouldn't let her burden him with her cloak. For two hours or more we walked, stopping now and then to gather the flowers which lined the path on every side, blue-bells and butter-cups, wild sweet-briar and dainty little forget-me-nots, while the cataracts blew their trumpets from the steeps and their echoes through the mountains thronged. Before us stood out the Jungfrau in all its purity of eternal snow, and in the valley below, women in the dress of the canton—picturesque in the distance,—raked in the new-mown hay. As we neared Trachsellauenen, the roar of the Schmadribach Fall almost deafened us, and, though it was July, close at hand we saw snow, and the flowers growing thick at the very edge of it.

Here we rested awhile, and had dinner, then went on our steep way toward Gimmelwald, climbing with both alpenstock and umbrella.

Soon our umbrellas were put to another use, for as we stopped to gain breath, and gazed back over the valley, the clouds, which had long ago covered the mountain tops, gathered down lower and lower, until finally we were in them, and then a few drops of rain fell. "What must we do?" "Go back!" Our guide said we had gone half way, so we turned our faces upward and toiled on, for hours it seemed, while the rain poured in torrents, and we trudged around water-falls, and even under them, until, on another hill above us, we saw a frame house, the regular Alpine chalet

with projecting roofs held down by stones, quaint carved wood devices, weather-stained timbers, and, hanging under the porch, bundles of dry herbs, the only dry things under the heavens. We quickened our steps toward the house as to a haven of refuge, but when the door was opened to our knock by a witch-like, withered old crone, and the mingled odours rushed out, we meekly asked permission to sit on the porch until the rain lessened a bit. A few minutes satisfied us, so we started on to Gimmelwald, and reached it before dark, but in such a plight!—soaked so thoroughly we had to go to bed to have our clothes dried.

And how the rain came down! All that night it fell steadily and softly, and all the next day we watched it. The monotony of that weary day was only broken when we would hear a sound like that of a distant cannon, and would turn to the window to see an avalanche, like the softest spray of a waterfall, dashing itself over the precipices of the Sefnenthäl; and, looking at the avalanches and at the snow falling fifty feet above us, we remembered with difficulty that it was July.

The little hotel was built on the side of a slope so steep that at the back of the house the windows of the fifth story were only four or five feet from the ground. It was built only for summer use, of thin boards, the partitions between the rooms were so thin that conversations could easily be heard two rooms off. We overheard a very interesting one between two Englishmen as to the relative merits of the pronunciation of English in Cambridge and Oxford, each man being prejudiced in favor of his own college.

The house was filled with Englishmen, among them, two clergymen. Yet on Sunday these two were not enough, but late Saturday night here came another plodding through rain and mud to conduct the service, the notice for which was the first thing we had seen in the hall on entering. Early in the morning all the people in the house gathered in the parlor. After a while the door opened, and the clergyman robed in his black vestment slowly entered, carrying in solemn dignity a large empty soap-box. We looked on in wonder, but, seeing the grave faces around us, didn't dare to smile. Placing the box on end upon the table,



he carefully spread over it the red table-cloth of the simple parlour, and retired.

Soon the door again opened, and, to the accompaniment of a cracked melodeon, while the people chanted as best they could, the two clergyman, in their white gowns and mountain boots, marched in and on toward the cloth-covered box, which it now appeared was to serve for reading desk. Then they went on with a ritual as long and formal as if it were to sound, not in the little room with its low ceiling and board walls, but through the spacious aisles and lofty vaulting of Westminster. When they came to the Creed, all devoutly faced toward the east where the altar ought to have been, and continued. To the faithful perhaps it was solemn, but it almost convulsed us; finally all knelt,—there were no hassocks, two of the men had to kneel in the middle of the floor,—and when I looked up, and saw in front of me the large boots of the men, with soles at least half an inch thick studded with great nails, all serious thoughts fled forever. At last the service was over, and we escaped upstairs to laugh irreverently. That evening the rain stopped, the sun came out for awhile, and just before dark, we saw the Alpine glow upon the near peaks of the Jungfrau and the Silberhorn.

The next morning the sun was bright, and we thought we could get up to Murren at least. Such a climb! Up, up, up, slipping and sliding over the muddy paths, barely holding up with our alpenstocks, sometimes wading through the water flowing down the rocks; I was nearly dead when it came in sight.

The ascent once accomplished, all our weariness was forgotten as we turned and saw the glittering Breithorn, Grosshorn and Mittaghorn against a sky blue as sky can only be when washed by a three days' rain, and with the dense whiteness of snow peaks standing out against it. Directly across the valley rose the Schwarze Monch, like one great rock thousands of feet high, with the waterfalls, threads of spun silk, gently falling to the awful depth below; looking over its grim top was the Jungfrau, and behind it the Mönch and the Eiger.

With our eyes fixed upon this magnificent panorama of snowclad mountains, we passed the two fine hotels at Murren almost without noticing them, and, still with the same view, our path led downward. Now the path winds through fine forests, then through open fields where we heard the cow-bells chiming in pasturelands far up above us, while over the cliffs and way below, we saw Lauterbrunnen like a toy village, and the white Lütchine, a silver ribbon lying beside it.

Our path, wild as it was, was not a lonely one, for we met men carrying provisions up to Murren, bending down and panting under the huge burdens of bread they had on their backs, and innumerable tourists, French, German, English, and American, with their red Baedeker's, some walking, some riding, a man at each horse's head, and one, a fat German matron, was in a chair borne by four men. The Germans always greeted us with a pleasant smile and a hearty good morning; the English gazed at us in the same way that they looked at the rocks and trees, or with even less interest, while the Americans stared as only Americans can.

Farther down we passed along the railway not yet finished to Murren, and felt a little afraid of the swarthy Italian workmen. As we neared the foot of the mountain, we met more travelers, and numberless three-year-old children come out from the houses offering flowers and lace for sale. At last we reached the level of Lauterbrunnen, and our walking trip was over.

Elizabeth McMillan.

## II. Roslin Chapel.

"Ge-he-boys-get up," and away we went through the streets of Edinburgh, out into the open country, where sheep were grazing in the green meadows, and the lowering Scotch clouds threatened us at every moment, then lifting gave us occasional glimpses of the Pentland Hills; on we sped for an hour and a half towards Roslin.

"Get down, please," said the driver, "I will meet you at six on the other side. If you follow the path you will find the Chapel, sure." What a walk that was.—The cliffs which rose on each side, looked like the shattered ruins of some old castle, impending over, and threatening us. We ascended to the rocks, and descended to the bed of the river, and at last saw before us Roslin Chapel, that gem of beauty. Oh! what memories, when I think of how we had the guide all to ourselves. Imagine three bewildered tourists compelled to follow one man, walk where he walked, look where he looked, admire what he admired, listen when he willed, and talk when he allowed, and you can hear the "groans and sighs that rent our breasts."

"Look, ladies," he began, "In those niches on both sides, there used to be *statutes* of the twelve Apostles, but," he added with deep feeling, "a mob from Edinburgh destroyed them." Then turning to me, "Oh! Miss, did you hear that holler sound, when you knocked on the floor?"

"Well," in a most blood curdling tone, "under there is a burying vault; and beneath that slab is the graves of St. Clair, the founder of this Chapel." "What a soldier he must have been! for, see, there is a warrior engraved on the slab." "Now," with an expression of extravagant admiration, "all look at the Lady's Chapel, the very most-beautifullest portion of all, but do not linger for I have something to show you a wee bit farther on." "This part," pointing to some fresh carving, "has been restored and service is held here every Sunday."

Then striking a tragic attitude, "Do you see this pillar different to the others? Here are sculptured the seven

virtues and the seven vices, and here are three heads. It is called the Apprentice's Pillar, and the story is this," and the tone was sing-song in spite of the tragedy, as if the story had been told a thousand times before. "The model of the pillar was sent from Italy, but the master mason could not carry it out until he saw the original. So he went to Italy, but in his absence," here our guide sighed at the daring of the boy,—“his apprentice *executed the model*. This so enraged the master, that he killed his apprentice. And the heads are those of the apprentice, the mother of the apprentice, and the master mason.”

Another party now entering, our guide left us, eager for more six pences, and I was glad to retire to a quiet corner and muse over what was before me. Ever was the sing-song of his voice an accompaniment to my thoughts, as here in Roslin Chapel, I fancied the night scene:

“Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud  
Where Roslin's chief's uncoffined lie,  
Each Baron, for a rable shroud,  
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.”

M. B. Wayt.

Speech  
Of  
Edmund Burke, Esq.,  
On  
Moving His Resolutions  
For  
Conciliation with the Colonies,  
March 22, 1775.



**Introduction.**

Two principal questions to be decided.†

1. Whether England ought to concede.
2. What her concession ought to be.

**Part I. Condition of America.**

1. *Population.*
2. *Trade.*

- (1) Growth of the Colonial Trade.
- (2) Agriculture.
- (3) Fisheries.

**A Digression on Objections to the Use of Force.**

America is a noble object well worth fighting for, but

- (1) The Use of Force is Temporary.
- (2) Uncertain.
- (3) Impairs the object.
- (4) Experience is against it.

3. *American Character.*

Love of Freedom, the chief characteristic of the American people is due to

- (1) Descent.
- (2) Form of Government.
- (3) Religion in the Northern Provinces.
- (4) Manners in the Southern.
- (5) Education.
- (6) Remoteness of Situation from First Mover of Government.

This Spirit of Liberty meeting with the exercise of power in England has kindled the flame which is ready to consume the Empire.

## **Part II. How to Deal with America.**

Necessity of determining on some fixed course.

### **First Alternative.**

To Change the Spirit by Removing the Causes.

1. *By with-holding land grants.*

Objection—Impracticable.

- (1) Because of the quantity of land unsettled.
- (2) People would settle without grants.

2. *By impoverishing the Colonics.*

Objection—Impracticable.

- (1) It would weaken the object.
- (2) It would be temporary.

3. *By falsifying their pedigree.*

Objection—Impossible.

So long as they speak the English tongue.

4. *By changing the Religion and by abolishing their public Institutions.*

Objection—

- (1) Inquisition is out of fashion.
- (2) The army would be too great an expense.

5. *By enfranchising the slaves.*

Objection—Impracticable.

- (1) The slaves might refuse to take liberty, or the masters might free them.
- (2) Incongruity of this act from the English.

6. *By annihilating space and time.*

“But all these difficulties got over, the Ocean still remains.”

### **Second Alternative.**

To prosecute it as Criminal.

## 1. Objection—Inapplicable.

- (1) Difficulty of drawing up an indictment against a whole people.
- (2) An Empire is the aggregate of many States under one common head. It is absurd in the head of an Empire to think because privileges are pleaded his authority is defied.
- (3) England must be the judge between the Colonies and herself; the incongruity of a judge's prosecuting as criminal a civil litigant against him in point of right.

## 2. Objection—Inexpedient.

- (1) As shown by the conduct of Massachusetts<sup>es</sup> in the Boston riots.
- (2) As seen in the difficulty of applying juridical ideas to the present case.

### **Third Alternative.**

To comply with this spirit as necessary.

The Colonies complain of Taxation without Representation. To satisfy them they must be given what they ask for, not what Parliament thinks best for them.



1. *Consideration limited to Policy.*

- (1) To give up the question of Right of Taxation.
- (2) To keep up the concord of the Empire by Unity of Spirit.
- (3) To admit the people of the Colonies into an interest in the Constitution.
- (4) Previous measures now insufficient.

2. *Trade Laws.*

Whether the Trade or the Revenue Laws are the real cause of the quarrel.

3. *Plan for Conciliation modeled on Constitutional Precedents.*

- (1) The Government of Ireland.
- (2) The Government of Wales.
- (3) The Government of Chester.
- (4) The Government of Durham.

These examples show that freedom and not servitude is the cure for anarchy.

4. *Application of Constitutional Precedents to America.*

- (1) Comparison of Wales and America as regards Descent, Population, State of Rebellion, Government by Penal Statutes, Representation.
- (2) Nature opposes a representation of the Colonies, however what nature has disjoined in one way, wisdom may unite in another.
- (3) For theory, the ancient Constitutional policy in regard to representation, and for practice, experience has been taken.
- (4) The Speaker desires to establish taxation by *Grant* not by *Imposition*.

### **Part III. Resolutions.**

*First Proposition.*—The Colonies have not been allowed Representation in Parliament.

*Second Proposition.*—The Colonies are grieved because taxed without Representation.

*Third Proposition.*—Distance of Colonies has not permitted Representation, neither have the Colonies desired it.

*Fourth Proposition.*—Each Colony has in itself a General Assembly with powers legally to raise, levy and assess duties and taxes towards defraying all sorts of public services.

*Fifth Proposition.*—The Colony Assemblies have often when requested, granted cheerfully large supplies to the king.

- (1) The speaker keeps to Parliamentary Records.
- (2) Parliament cannot refuse in the gross what it has acknowledged in detail.
- (3) Mr. Grenville's statement and mistake.
- (4) The productive nature of *Revenue by Grant* and the futility of *Revenue by Imposition*.

*Sixth Proposition.*—The granting of supplies by Colony Assemblies has been more beneficial than the granting of aids by Parliament.

### **First Resolution.**

Resolution to Repeal or Amend certain Acts of Parliament.

- (1) To repeal the Revenue Acts of 1767.
- (2) To repeal the Boston Port Bill.
- (3) To amend the Act of 1774, taking away the Charter of Massachusetts.
- (4) To repeal the Regulating Act.
- (5) An amendment of the Act for Trial of Treason committed out of his Majesty's dominion.

### **Reasons for Repealing these Acts.**

### **Second Resolution.**

That the judges appointed by the Assemblies shall not be removed except by wish of the Assemblies.

### **Third Resolution.**

That the Courts of Admiralty be Regulated.

## Removal of Objections.

*First Objection.*—That the doctrine contained in the preamble to the Chester Act proves too much.

*The Speaker's Answer.*

- (1) These are Parliament's own words.
- (2) These preambles are favorable both to Parliament and to the Colonies.
- (3) The object of grievance in the Resolution is taken from the Durham Act, which falls in exactly with the case of the Colonies.
- (4) The Colonies should not be judged by their conduct in times of disturbance.
- (5) "All government is founded on compromise."
- (6) The Americans will have no interest contrary to the glory and grandeur of England when not oppressed by the weight of it.
- (7) The Empire will not be destroyed by indulgence.

*Second Objection.*—That the power of granting vested in the Assemblies will destroy the Unity of the Empire.

*The Speaker's Answer.*

- (1) Experience shows this false in the case of Chester, Durham, and Wales.
- (2) England cannot be the head and the members too.
- (3) Ireland's having a separate legislature has promoted Union of the Empire.

## Lord North's Plan of Conciliation Criticized.

The Proposition of a Ransom by Auction cannot be admitted because—

1. It is a mere project.
2. It is an experiment which will be fatal in the end to the Constitution.
3. It does not give satisfaction to the complaint of the Colonies.
4. It will plunge England into great and inextricable difficulties unless universally accepted.

## Conclusion.

1. Comparison of the two Plans for Conciliation.
2. The Speaker's plan secures the power of *Refusal* which is the richest mine of Revenue ever discovered.
3. Governments will be aided by parties which must ever exist in a free country.
4. The Speaker's protest against compounding England's demands.
5. Experience shows that a Revenue cannot be collected from countries as remote as America.
6. England's hold on the Colonies is secured by their participation in the *English Constitution*.
7. "It is the love of the people which gives England her Army, Navy, and Revenue."
8. "Magnanimity in politics is the truest wisdom."
9. "Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American Empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be."
10. The speaker lays the first stone of the Temple of Peace on moving that the Colonies have not been represented in the High Court of Parliament.

Pattie Alexander.

## A Contribution to the Boston Folk-Lore Society.

Among the subjects brought up for discussion at the last meeting of the well-known Folk-Lore Society of Boston, was that of "Superstitions common among school-girls." So much interest was expressed, and so little information could be gained in Boston by the learned gentlemen on this particular subject, that a committee, appointed for the purpose, dispatched an intelligent dæmon to one of the largest girls' schools in the South, with instructions to bring back all the information on the subject that he could collect.

When the messenger, clothed in his invisible mantle arrived at his journey's end, it was long after ten o'clock, and not a sound was to be heard, not a light to be seen anywhere about the Seminary building. His quick eye, however, spied, far above the ground, a second-story window left open a few inches for ventilation. In a moment he had leaped into the room, skipped nimbly to the top of a screen, thrown off his cloak, and settled himself to await the coming of day. All night long he sat patiently upon the framework and kicked his heels against the gaily beflowered surface of Violet Deering's screen. I think, had Violet opened her eyes and seen the Folk-Lore Society's messenger, her pretty brown hair would have stood out upon her head even more stiffly than it did now with its knobs of twisted paper, crimping-pins, and tiny plats. Happily for her, she slept on in blissful unconsciousness of her queer little visitor, until awakened by the rising-bell next morning. The dæmon, roused by the same sound, hastened to don his invisible mantle.

With many yawns and groans, Violet tumbled out of bed, and commenced her toilet.—"Oh, Violet, there's a letter in the post-office for you," exclaimed her school-mate. "Where," cried Violet, anxiously, looking at her foot, greatly to the dæmon's astonishment. "Oh yes, I see," patting with a loving hand a rent in her stocking, "and I just believe it's going to be a great long one from home," and she went on dressing with a hopeful smile.

About this time the dæmon indulged in a little nap, and was only roused when the breakfast-bell rang. He

turned around to look for Violet, and nearly fell off the screen in his astonishment. No wonder. In the place of the Violet with hair bristling over her head in little paper knobs, with sleeping eyes, and lazy, dawdling movements, there stood a beauteous maiden whose appearance filled the little imp's breast with admiring awe. The knobs had blossomed into tresses so crisp, so stiff, so kinky, that even the most ill-natured had to confess that they had never seen anything to equal it.

The dæmon followed this radiant vision into the hall, at a respectful distance, and took his stand in a transom. From this coign of vantage he watched the girls crowding down the hall between the two rows of trunks standing on each side. "Violet Deering," cried a fresh young voice, "you lucky girl! You've got your apron wrong side out."—"Dear me, how fortunate I am," and the two friends walked off arm in arm, Violet followed by the eyes of all observers. For Violet, as the dæmon found out afterwards, was the darling of the school, the sweetest, dearest, most perfectly lovely of all the two hundred and fifty maidens, and altogether "just too cute for anything."

From his position on an electric light arc, the dæmon behaved with proper decorum during chapel, and when morning services were over, slid down the banisters of the winding stairs in the wake of Violet.

Flitting along outside, and peeping through the lattice work, he watched her pushing and struggling up the "covered-way," then crowded with laughing, romping, chattering girls. As she reached the first steps, a large girl with an anxious expression of face jostled her elbow, and her Latin Grammar fell with outspread leaves upon the E, cut upon the top step. All were in too much of a hurry to come to her help, so Violet had to pick up the book herself, but as she first took the precaution to kiss it she had no fear of missing her lessons.

The dæmon did not venture into the class-room to which his near friend was bound, but sat on the porch rail outside until Violet's reappearance. Her self-satisfied look when she came out, told him that she had recited perfectly. She was a few minutes late, as she had waited to answer to



roll-call, so she had to rush at break-neck speed down "covered-way," in order to escape her teacher's reproachful look. But she didn't escape it, for as she ran along in a dreadful hurry, the daemon saw her suddenly stop short before the way leading off to the Infirmary, and pick up a hair pin lying at her feet. Her eyes glanced swiftly over the plank and lattice walls of the "covered way" in search of a nail. At last she saw one in a post many yards distant, and was doubtful whether she could reach it in the required ten steps.

The feat, though difficult, was accomplished by means of ten long steps and a sly skip, and the trophy was hung upon the nail. All this had taken time, and though Violet was now fully five minutes late, she walked unconcernedly into chapel, and met the teacher's sternly reproving eye with all the calmness of one conscious of having done a worthy deed.

It seemed to the daemon who was by this time quite interested in her fortunes, that his friend's luck of the morning treated her rather shabbily as the day wore on. He had learned a little about the curious beliefs of school-girls in lucky and unlucky omens, and so it was a great surprise to him when he found from his perch on the back of Violet's chair in the dining-room, that there were thirteen at the table. But Violet had long ago learned to endure the torture of this unlucky number, and had come to look upon it as a necessary evil.

The sympathetic little imp's heart bled for her, as one by one he witnessed her misfortunes. She knocked over a chair, and he heard her whisper to her neighbor in a tone of anguish that 'she just knew she was going to be an old maid;' she spilt the salt, and there being no fire at hand into which she could throw a pinch to propitiate the unfriendly Fates, she grew quite melancholy at the thought of an untimely death. The sight of a pin lying on the floor with the head turned toward her, made her turn pale, and when the pie was handed to her with the point turned from her, she was moved to tears.

In the afternoon, Violet, arrayed in all the bravery of her new spring suit, started to go walking with the girls. Thinking she saw a hole in her parasol, she opened it and was examining it closely when her room-mate cried in a



horrified voice: "Violet, don't you know that its dreadfully unlucky to open an umbrella in the house?"—"Why no," said the poor girl faintly, "I never heard of it."

It was a very depressed and woe-begone Violet that issued from the Seminary gate when the girls went walking that evening.—"I do hope her luck will change," the dæmon was thinking, as he skipped along the curb-stone beside her, when, "Oh! I must run back and get my gloves," he heard her cry. "It's bad luck to turn back after you've started," continued her companion. "That's so," said Violet miserably. She stood undecided for a moment, then a relieved look crossed her face, and stooping, she swiftly made the sign of the cross on the pavement at her feet, then ran gaily back for her gloves.

After they had gone a little way, the dæmon heard Violet's friend say, "There goes a white horse, I never will see ninety-nine. I've been counting for two weeks, and have only sixty-five. However, I'll never have the opportunity here to shake hands with a man."—"Pshaw," answered Violet, tilting her nose disdainfully, "I'm counting red cravats. It's a great deal more interesting than looking for horses. I've only got to get one more and I'll have a hundred. By the way my nose itches, some one's coming to see me soon, and if it is my fate, I hope he'll have on a red cravat."

As the long string of girls passed by the City Treasurer's new house, they came to a ladder leaning against the unfinished brown-stone front. Now there was plenty of room for them to have passed under it, but with one accord, the whole line crowded pell-mell into the street, putting to flight a cow browsing peacefully near by, a creature from which, at any other time, every girl in the line would have fled with shrieks of terror. The dæmon was separated from his friend in the confusion but came up with her just as she was saying, "What a lucky escape. I'd rather face a cow any day than go under a ladder, and let me tell you, I'm just as afraid of cows as any other girl."

After going a little further, "Violet, here comes a load of hay, let's make a wish," cried her companion. "All right, but we musn't tell what it is, or it won't come true."

When they came back from walking, Violet and her friend were starting for the Terrace, as half a dozen girls rushed up, and in excited tones said that there was a young gentlemen in the parlor waiting to see her. "Oh, I wonder who it can be," she cried, and rushed away so quickly that she reached the parlor, and slammed the door behind her before the dæmon thought of following her.

The transom was closed, and the key was in the key-hole, so nothing was left him to do but to return to his old post on Violet's bedroom screen, and wait for her arrival.

Half an hour later, she rushed into the room with flushed cheeks, shining eyes, and a letter in her hand.

"Oh, Jennie," she cried breathlessly to her room-mate, "he did have on a red cravat, and he brought me a letter from home; I'll never say again that I don't believe in signs." "Well," laughed Jennie, "supper-bell rang five minutes ago, so you're bound to be late, and you're just going to catch it for skipping practicing this evening—do you call that good luck?"

"Oh, well," said Violet carelessly, "I knew I was going to have some bad luck to-day, for I've had lots of unlucky signs."

Half past nine found this sweet girl, with hair ready for bed, looking behind the screen, in the wardrobe, and under the bed to make sure that no man, on burglary intent, was lurking in any of these hiding places. She turned off the gas, then felt her way to the window. "I wonder if it is worth while to count my stars!" the dæmon heard her say. "I know now who *he* is but I guess I'd better make assurance doubly sure." So she counted the same seven stars, looked at the new moon over her right shoulder and made a wish, then, without speaking, walked backward to her bed, and fell asleep to dream of hairpins and white horses, pin points and stars, kissing books and red neck-ties, until the rising-bell next morning should arouse her to the routine of another day.

The dæmon waited until ten clock, when all the lights were out, and silence brooded over the Seminary, then with a farewell look about the room, he dropped from the screen,

crawled through the window, and in a minute had left the Seminary far behind him.

When he made his report at the next meeting of the Folk-Lore Society, he received a vote of thanks for having contributed such valuable and carefully tabulated information to the cause of science.\*

Carrie Bell.

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## Lowell.

### From Our Note Books.

Since last August when the news of Lowell's death went over the land, we have taken an especial interest in all that concerns him. A look of pleasure may be seen on each face when it is suggested that we read what he has to say on the subject in hand, for after spending a few hours over one of his essays we feel as though we had taken a pleasant holiday.

During the year we have read a number of his literary criticisms, mainly, the essays in *Among My Books* and *My Study Window*, and as we have been impressed with now his wit and now his eloquence, have jotted down in our note-books what we thought were some of the choicest passages. From these note-books we have selected for *The Annual* a few of those passages that we would like to keep as a memento of our Literature work, and have arranged them under the headings of the essays from which they are taken; we wish they might give others the pleasure they have given us.

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\*Note—.We regret that the Boston dæmon was not here on May day to learn that under a stone lifted that morning may be found the color of the prospective sweet heart's hair, and that the face washed in dew at sunrise on the same day will always be beautiful.—Eds.

### **Chaucer.**

There are certain points of resemblance and contrast between Dante and Chaucer.

With Dante, life represented the passage of the soul from a state of nature to a state of grace. \* \* \*

With Chaucer, life is a pilgrimage, but only that his eye may be delighted with the varieties of costume and character. \* \* \*

With Dante the main question is the saving of the soul, with Chaucer it is the conduct of life. \* \* \* Dante applies himself to the realities, Chaucer to the scenery of life, and the former is consequently the more universal poet, as the latter is the more truly national one. Dante represents the justice of God, and Chaucer his loving-kindness.

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Gower has positively raised tediousness to the precision of science, he has made dulness an heirloom for the students of our literary history.

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His best tales (Chaucer's) run on like one of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little and turning upon themselves in eddies that dimple without retarding the current; sometimes loitering smoothly, while here and there a quiet thought, a tender feeling, a pleasant image, a golden-hearted verse, opens quietly as a water-lily, to float on the surface without breaking it into ripples. The vulgar intellectual palate hankers after the titillation of foaming phrase, and thinks nothing good for much that does not go off with a pop like a champagne cork. The mellow suavity of more precious vintages seems insipid: but the taste, in proportion as it refines, learns to appreciate the indefinable flavor, too subtle for analysis. A manner has prevailed of late in which every other word seems to be underscored as in a school-girl's letter.

### **Spenser.**

A classic is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and exquisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace

and dignity, which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old.

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Literature that loses its meaning, or the best part of it, when it gets beyond sight of the parish steeple, is not what I understand by literature. \* \* \* I can understand the nationality of Burns when he turns his plough aside to spare the rough thistle, and hope he may write a song or two for dear old Scotia's sake. \* \* \* That sort of nationality belongs to a country of which we are all citizens,—that country of the heart which has no boundaries laid down on the map.

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They (the poets in Spenser's age), most of them sleep well now, as once they made their readers sleep, and their huge remains lie embedded in the deep morasses of Chalmers and Anderson. We wonder at the length of face and general atrabilious look that mark the portraits of the men of that generation, but it is no marvel when even their relaxations were such down right hard workers. Fathers when their day on earth was up must have folded down the leaf and left the task to be finished by their sons,—a dreary inheritance.

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The form of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," it is true, is artificial, absurdly so if you look at it merely from the outside,—not, perhaps, the wisest way to look at anything, unless it be a jail or a volume of the "Congressional Globe,"—but the spirit of it is fresh and original.

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So entirely are beauty and delight in it, the native element of Spenser, that, whenever in the "Faery Queen" you come suddenly on the moral it gives you a shock of unpleasant surprise, a kind of grit, as when one's teeth close on a bit of gravel in a dish of straw-berries and cream.

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Speaking of the allegory in "Faery Queen," the allegory won't bite us or meddle with us if we don't meddle with it.

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It is not what a poet takes, but what he makes out of what he has taken, that shows what native force is in him.

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I am apt to believe that the complaints one sometimes hears of the neglect of our older literature are the regrets of archæologists rather than of critics. One does not need to advertise the squirrels where the nut trees are, nor could any amount of lecturing persuade them to spend their teeth on a hollow nut.

### Milton.

If the biographies of literary men are to assume the bulk which Mr. Masson is giving to that of Milton, their authors should send a phial *elixer vitæ* with the first volume, that a purchaser might have some valid assurance of surviving to see the last.

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We envy the secular leisures of Methusaleh, and are thankful that *his* biography at least (if written in the same longeval proportion) is irrecoverably lost to us. What a subject would that have been for a person of Mr. Masson's spacious predilections!

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Too well do I recall the sorrows of my youth, when I was shipped in search of knowledge on the long Johnsonian swell of the last century, favorable to anything but the calm digestion of historic truth. I had even then an uneasy suspicion, which has since ripened into certainty, that thoughts were never draped in long skirts like babies, if they were strong enough to go alone.

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An author should consider how largely the art of writing consists in knowing what to leave in the ink-stand.

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If to Spenser younger poets have gone to be sung-to, they have sat at the feet of Milton to be taught.

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We should say of Shakespeare that he had the power of transforming himself into everything; of Milton, that he had that of transforming everything into himself.



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Milton makes Deity a mouthpiece for his present theology, and had the poem been written a few years later, the Almighty would have become more heterodox. Since Dante, no one had stood on these visiting terms with heaven.

### **Pope.**

Among the great English poets who preceded Pope, the representative of conventional life, we have seen actual life represented by Chaucer, imaginative life by Spenser, ideal life by Shakespeare, the interior life by Milton. We learn to like the conventional as we do olives. The code of society is stronger with most persons than that of Sinai, and many a man who would not scruple to trust his fingers in his neighbor's pocket would forego green peas rather than use his knife as a shovel.

### **Wordsworth.**

The poet's office is to be a Voice, not of one crying in the wilderness to a knot of already magnetized acolytes, but singing amid the throng of men, and lifting their common aspirations and sympathies on the wings of his song to a purer ether and a wider reach of view.

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It is not a great Xerxes army of words, but a compact Greek Ten Thousand that march safely down to posterity.

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It was an organ that Milton mastered, mighty in compass, capable equally of the trumpet's ardors or the slim delicacy of the flute, and sometimes it bursts forth in great crashes through his prose, as if he touched it for solace in the intervals of his voice. If Wordsworth sometimes puts the trumpet to his lips, yet he lays it aside soon and willingly for his appropriate instrument, the pastoral reed. And it is not one that grew by any vulgar stream, but that which Apollo breathed through, tending the flocks of Admetus,—that which Pan endowed with every melody of the visible universe,—the same in which the soul of the despairing nymph took refuge and gifted with her dual nature,—so that ever and anon, amid the notes of human joy or sorrow, there



comes thrilling a deeper and almost awful tone, thrilling us into dim consciousness of a forgotten divinity.

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Wordsworth's better utterances have the bare sincerity, the absolute abstraction from time and place, the immunity from decay, that belong to the grand simplicities of the Bible. They seem not more his own than ours and every man's, the words of inalterable Mind.

### **Keats.**

The public opinion of the play ground is truer and more discerning than that of the world, and if you tell us what the boy was, we will tell you what the man longs to be, however he may be repressed by necessity or fear of the police reports.

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Reputation is in itself only a farthing-candle, of wavering and uncertain flame and easily blown out, but it is the light by which the world looks for and finds merit.

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The sunset is original every evening, though for thousands of years it has built out of the same light and vapor its visionary cities with domes and pinnacles, and its delectable mountains which night shall utterly abase and destroy.

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Of the three men almost contemporaneous with each other, Wordsworth was the deepest thinker, Keats the most essentially a poet, and Byron the most keenly intellectual.

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The poems of Wordsworth reflect the moods of his own nature; those of Keats the moods of his own taste and feeling; and those of Byron the intellectual and moral wants of the time in which he lived.

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The most profound gospel of criticism was, that nothing was good poetry that could not be translated into good prose, as if one should say that the test of sufficient moonlight was that tallow-candles could be made of it.

Julia Aunspaugh.

Sallie Lou McCullough.

## Our New Gymnasium.

You will see from the picture what the general interior is. On the high ceiled walls hangs much of the apparatus, and near the door stand the piano and movable bars. Our suit is of black flannel consisting of a blouse, and loose Turkish trousers fastened just below the knee by a rubber band, —a costume anything but becoming to the tall, slender girl.

When the class meets at four, we are first drawn up in line according to height, the smaller girls being at the head. After a little practice in fancy steps, circling, and flank movements, we take the Indian clubs, and march into position for swinging them. All the exercises, as marching, and the movements with clubs or dumb bells are done to lively music, popular marches or waltzes.

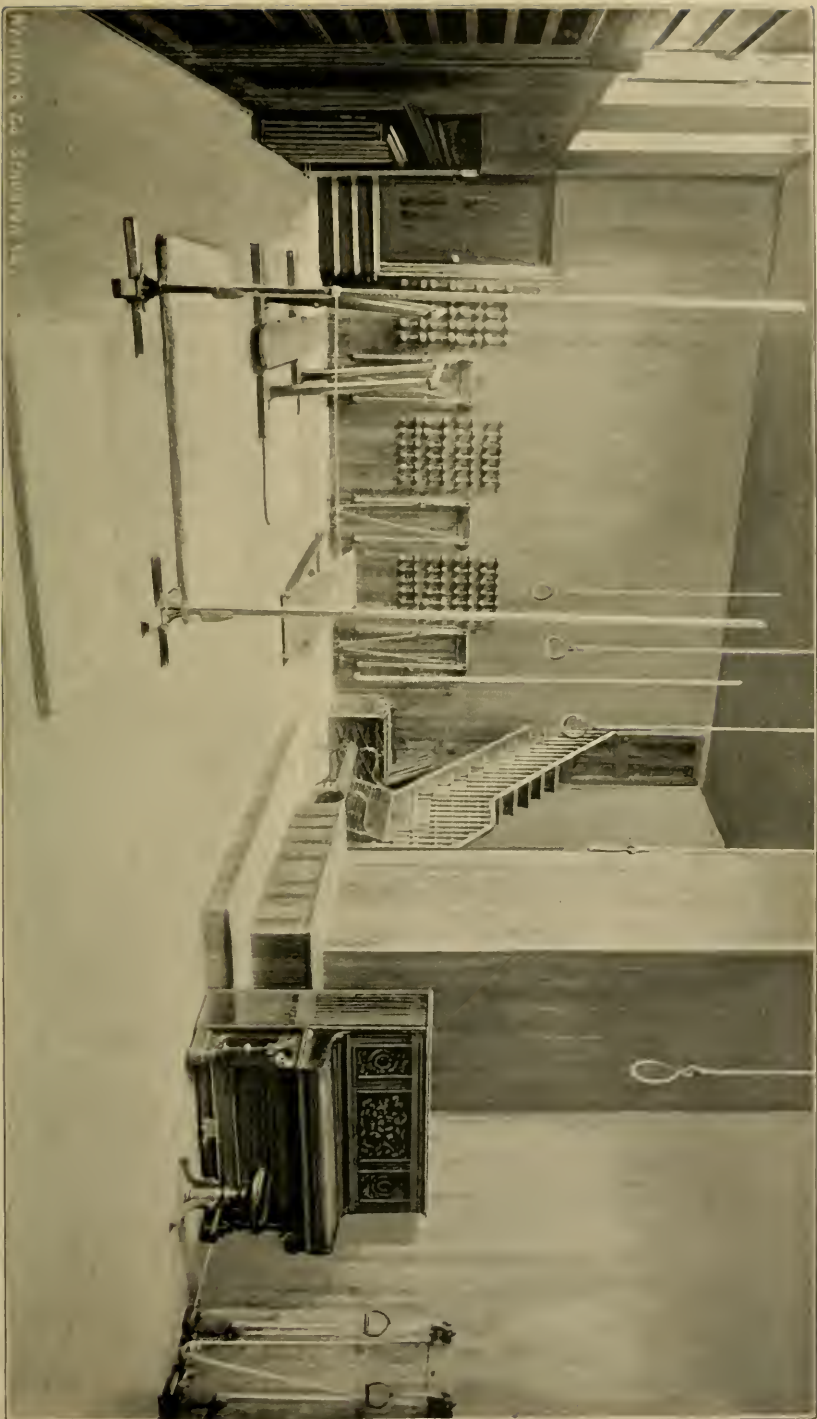
Club swinging usually lasts about twenty minutes, and by that time the blood of the girl who has worked begins to tingle.

On cold, rainy afternoons the line is reversed and we have a good run, and the efforts of the smaller girls to keep up with the long steps of the tall leaders are so amusing, that in a few minutes every one has to stop from laughter.

Now the programme varies; sometimes we fence, use the dumb bells, or have the Swedish drill, the free work especially recommended for expanding the chest.

And then to the discomfiture of all lazily inclined, the bars are brought out; on these some of us swing, jump, "skin the cat," or turn somersaults. The rest are supposed to be exercising in other ways, but there will be some who are not so fat that they will work to become thin, or so thin that they will work to become fat, and they loiter on the benches, or hide behind the piano or the teacher's chair, for "out of sight is out of mind," and some difficult exercise may be avoided.

Perhaps the most useful apparatus is the chest weights, and if we hide from the bars, we hide yet more from these. On the other hand, the swinging rings suspended from the ceiling are very popular, and though few of us are able to travel up and down on these when we first enter the gymnasium, most of us persevere, hoping to achieve greatness.



GYMNASIUM.



Probably a seminary gymnast's highest aspiration is to be able to climb the rope, an aspiration, however, which few girls realize, for it requires more muscle than many of us possess, to make one's way up hand over hand to the top of the rope,—and to come down without slipping is harder still.

We all like the jumping which we have about once a week; the jump stand is brought out, and we take running or standing jumps. Often girls go as high as three and a half feet, and the highest jumper is looked on as the class champion for that day.

Twice during the year we have had a day for visitors, and the best girls were selected from each class to practice for the all-important event. And though the town people all enjoy the musicals, and the soirees of the elocutionists, still all the praise is not given to these, but some, and by no means a small share, is given to the entertainment in our gymnasium.

After gymnastics there is nothing better than a bath or swim, and this is provided for by the new pool built last summer. The pool is about twelve feet in length by eight in breadth and contains four feet of water pleasantly heated. During the winter on account of the grippe it was not used, but now as spring has come it is open for our enjoyment.—Nearly every afternoon some of us assemble for a frolic and as soon as we have on our blue flannel suits, we rush down the steps, and with a splash and a dash are in the water. At first, when trying to swim, we were continually going under, getting strangled, and having to creep to the side of the bath to get the water out of eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. Now, some of us are expert swimmers and can even swim without wetting the hair. Only four or five are allowed in at once, and during the fifteen minutes we may stay in, every one is laughing, splashing, and screaming, and when ordered out there can be heard on all sides such cries as: “Oh, just a little longer!” “Just one more plunge!”

Stewart Letford.

Mamie Salisbury.

## “Evie.”

Mrs. Brown sat before the firegazing abstractedly therein—her untouched knitting lay in her lap—and her busy fingers, idle for once, were clasped over it. She was thinking—and the tenor of her thoughts was not pleasant—as her tightly compressed lips, and resolute attitude plainly showed.

Mr. Brown—paper in hand—sat opposite, but Mr. Brown was not the subject of his wife’s meditation; a far weightier problem than he claimed her attention—and apparently its solution was not easy, for, at length, Mrs. Brown frowned and said sharply—“John, Nance’s really going next week.” “Eh,” said Mr. Brown—as he looked up with a start—and then added hastily as he took in the significance of the remark—“Going is she?”

“Yes, that she is—going for good, too, and what we are to do for help—when she is gone—is more than I know”—and, as Mrs. Brown touched the key note of her thoughts, there was a shade of anxiety mingled with the energy of her utterances.

“Why, do like other people, hire another girl”—suggested Mr. Brown consolingly, and he glanced furtively at “The Country Gentleman,” in whose columns he had been absorbed.

But Mrs. Brown shook her head impatiently, “Where’ll you find one worth her salt I’d like to know? Tain’t like it was twenty years ago, when Nance come to live with us,—then you could get help, good help it was, and for a dollar a week too.”

“Times is changed, I tell you, and now it’s education—education—and every thing is tryin’ to be somethin’ better than their mammies and daddies before ’em; much good it all does when they can’t turn a batter cake, nor wash a dish-rag decent. White and black, they are all alike—triflin’—no ’count hussies all of ’em,”—and Mrs. Brown paused for breath—and then continued—



"I declare I've half a notion to take one of Charity's girls to raise, they are a lazy, impudent set, but if I can get hold of one by herself—and can get her sorter weaned away from the rest—may be I can learn her. I won't have her, unless it's understood I'm to keep her, and that she is not to run home, as soon as winter comes, to that everlastin' school—it's the ruination of the whole business of the niggers. I'll teach her myself, before I'll agree to let her go to that Linville school."

Before Mrs. Brown had finished, her husband perceived that the half notion had become a very strong whole one—and that advice and further suggestions were neither sought nor desired,—and it was with secret satisfaction that he nodded assent—promising to send for Charity or Alec "to talk it over,"—and returned once more to 'that confoundedly sensible' article on "How to Winter Cattle."

A week or more had passed—Nance had gone, retired from service to live on her twenty years' earnings in her own house—and one quiet, sunny afternoon, Mrs. Brown, down on her knees, putting an end to spring-cleaning the dining-room by giving the floor a vigorous mopping, was startled by—"De Law, Mis' Nannie, wut is yo' doin'?"—and then followed a chuckle, succeeded by another—and looking up, "Mis' Nannie" beheld her door well filled by an extremely fat, short darkey, who was eyeing her with the most delighted grin in the world on her broad, good-humored face.

"I had er rer notion ter come down dis mawnin'—an' den Alec he went off, an' Mis' Sipe, she er rer sont down fur me ter come an' wait on Mis' Emmer little while—'cause Mis' Emmer's sick. Now I 'lowed ter Alec I'd jes' come innyhow, dis arternoon—" "But de Law'sy f'i'd ony knowed hit I'd er rer come sho', an' done dat fur yo'"—and another series of chuckles followed.

Mrs. Brown smiled and cried,—"Why, Charity, you are the very person I was thinking of—Come right in and sit right down—you've had a long walk and I wan't to talk to you." And with a "There! I'm done for this time,"—she rose to her feet and motioned Charity to follow her to the shady porch on the opposite side of the room.

But, as Charity's ample proportions ceased to block the door way, Mrs. Brown exclaimed, "Why, who is that?" for on the door sill there now appeared a queer little apparition in a faded pink dress, a blue checkered apron, shoes guiltless of toes or heels, and a hat, once black, now brown, adorned with a bit of faded brown veil, and a long feather from a cock's tail. This apparition's hair was wrapped into numberless pig tails with white strings, and a flaming red ribbon hung lightly from its neck, while one claw-like black hand held a sun-bonnet, and the other an odd looking bundle.

"Dats Evie, she de ol'est of de gal's at home, sence Serry an' Ret went ter Chick-a-goo, an' Cal en Henry ter ole Kaintuck las' yeah.—Alec he done heard yo' wanted one ob de chilluns, an' I jes' fotch dis yeah one-'long-bein's I'se comin' innnyhow. She de one I done promis' yo' long 'go, fo' Blanchie was bawn. "Come yeah yo' niggah, you', doan' yo' know how ter ac'? pull dat bonnet string outen yo' mouf an put dat bun'le in de con'er—dis is Mis' Nannie, wut I gwine give ye' ter fur yo' vittals an cloes, an wut yo' is ter bring wood an chips fur an hope all yo' ken, else I gwine tie yo' up an' beat yo' tell yo' skin woan' hole shucks.

Mrs. Brown sat in amused silence during the harangue, and it was not until Charity was made to understand clearly that Evie was to stay indefinitely, to be fed, clothed, schooled, and disciplined, when necessary, that the young lady, was assigned a nail for her bonnet and a box for her bundle.

I'se jes' glad ter git sech er rer good home fur her, an' I ain't gwine ter interfere in no way, I knows yo' gwine do wuts rights, Mis' Nannie, c'ose I knows it an' I jes' want yo' ter keep Evie long's yo' will."

"Think it's goin' ter er rer rain, Mis' Nannie, dats thunder ain't it.? I ain't been so well lately, an' I doon' want ter git wet er goin home—I ort ter be off now, an' I jes' mus' go 'treckly." "Tole Evie 'fore I started I orter go an' hunt yer er white piny root—I know'd yo' wanted one in de fall." "Got one is yo'? reckon yo' red pinies ain't got no roots ter er rer sp'ar?"

"Yes, you can have one."—And Mrs. Brown arose as she spoke, and led the way to the peony bed, where she began

to dig up a root, while Charity picked a white violet, which grew near by, saying,—“De Laud hab mussy but de smell ob it am delightful!” “I tole Alec I gwine fix up a flower bed, an’ come down yeah fur flowers wut wold lib outen do’es.” “Law now ef I jes’ had some of dis!”—and Charity looked longingly at the white blossoms, and was gladdened by a generous supply of roots.

On the way back she spied the churn standing before the spring house door half full of freshly churned buttermilk, and greeted it with—“De biskits dat buttermilk would make—mos’es light es light braid, I’s e been makin’ co’n braid lately an’ I does miss er little buttermilk so.” “Clare fo’ goodness Mis’ Nannie ef I jes’ had sum’fin ter ker it in I’d ax yo’ fur some,”—and “Mis’ Nannie” being open to hints, a half gallon fruit jar was soon filled with the coveted liquid.

It was supper time before Charity had satisfied her wants of “er few go’d seeds”—“jes a couply ob dem strawberry plants in de gyarden,” “er a l’ttle peice ob soap ef yo’ please, Mis’ Nannie,” “an’ Nute say ef Mister Brown got inny old britches wat he done wo’e out he gwine ax fur ’em,”—“an’ jes’ er rer small bottle of dat grape wine I seen yo’ rockin’ off in de cellah, please m’am.”

And bundles and bottles accumulated, until, when Charity was at last ready to start home after supper, and had “wrapped jes’ a hade er two ob cabbage” in her ample apron, it was found necessary to send Evie with her part of the way to help carry her load.

“Evie,” said Mrs. Brown next day, “how old are you?”

“Doan’ know jes’ how ole I is, Unk Tom Gibbons he say he got our ages wrote down in er book—mammy shesay she done furgets how ole we is thay is so many uv us—but Unk Tom he done wrote all ow ages down las’ year an’ say I’s e twelve—mammy she think I’s e ’bout ’leven—Caspar say I’s e two yeahs young ’ern he is, and he say he sixteen an’ I thirteen, but I say I’s e ten.”

And Evie turned a pair of sparkling, bead-like eyes upon her questioner, and continued interestedly. “Mis’ Nannie wat day did yo’ pick out fur yo’ burf day? Unk Tom he pick out Chris’mes, cause thays good eatin’s den, an pap he pick out Easter fur his’n, ’cause he lik eatin’s too, an’ I

picks out January an' May, 'cause one is wa'm an' one is cole."

Mrs. Brown's interest was awakened and she continued the conversation by asking: "How old is your mammy?"—"Up in er hunderd, an' pap's mo'n er hundred."

"And how old am I," said the lady, with a half glance towards the mirror in which was reflected a face that had not yet lost all its rosy freshness, and Evie answered promptly—"Bout seventy-five."

At this assurance Mrs. Brown opened her eyes, and a suspicion dawned upon her that Evie was no ordinary creation—a suspicion by no means dispelled by further acquaintance.

Spring yielded to summer and still Evie stayed on at the farm, which to her was wonderland. To live in a house wat had bu-roars, an' er pi-lor, an' er p'anner in it, wus livin' wif rich folks wut had money in de bank; to gaze open mouthed upon the clothes of the household, calicoes, ginghams, lawns, etc., etc., with a bit of lace or ruffle about them, was beholding visions of splendor and delight; to wonder what magnificence was hidden away in the "bu-roars," closets and chests, was to burn in an agony of curiosity; while to search surreptitiously the bags of carpet rags, was to rejoice the heart with scraps of ribbon, lace, trimming, and red stuffs glorious for rag baby ornaments, and for neck and "laig" display.

Every thing was new, and, colored in the rainbow hues of a rich imagination, because grand and gorgeous, and it was not until the farm woke to active life, in the early part of summer, that indoor attractions begin to wane, and outdoor joys demanded recognition.

Then it was that it became impossible for Evie to go to the spring or to the wood house without spying some object of interest which instantly put to flight all thought of wood or water.

The old sow peacefully sunning herself, with her family of ten young about her, was suggestive, and to startle her into frantic terror for the safety of her litter, by a piercing squeal,—was the work of an instant. While to jeer and mock at the strutting turkey cock until he gobbled him-

self purple in an apoplexy of rage; to swing on to a stray cow's tail, and scamper wildly off down the road; to set the dogs on the cats, and stealthily spill a dipper of hot water on the Shepherd-dog as he dozed on the porch, "jes to see they fight an run and hear de howlin," was to create an uproar and be happy. Nor was it less a joy to examine the milk trough and in order to test the rising properties of water, —plug up the augur hole by means of which the water escaped from the trough and thus endanger the safety of some forty gallons of milk.

High minded always, self-importance grew with grandeur, and in her new estate, Evie assumed lordly airs, her contempt for "niggers," "liers," "an' po' white trash"—was most scathing, and most freely expressed.

Temple, a quiet, industrious darkey, suffered long and sorely at her hands, her commands were most arrogant, and her never ceasing remarks at table, or whenever he came in sight, were exasperating beyond description. And it was only when his much enduring patience could bear no more and "dat rusty nigger" dashed a bucketful of water on her, and threatened to break her 'darned back,' that he inspired any respect, or obtained peace. and even that he had only when she was well away from her refuge—the kitchen.

Mrs. Brown had owned "niggers" "fo' de wah," which was one reason why Evie had come to her, "cause she know'd how to treat thay," but it took a strong hand, even from her, and tireless vigilance in checking, to command any show of defence.

Company, Evie always welcomed warmly, and cordially invited to stay longer, "cause den we puts de big pot in de little one—doan' we Mis' Nannie?" Uncles, aunts and cousins, she styled the visitors according as they were so called by the family—and invited them with equal serenity and impartially "ter hunt de aigs" or wash "de dinner dishes" for her.

The sun shone warm, and even the bees droned drowsily, as they lazily crawled over the pink and white clover blossoms in front of the open window where sat Mrs. Brown, on a Wednesday afternoon, mending the week's wash. The faint murmur from without, the soft, clover-scented air, and



the soothing influence of a substantial dinner had almost overcome Mrs. Brown's resolve to take no nap that day, and her head had drooped once or twice in a very suspicious fashion over the stocking she was darning, when suddenly she was roused with a start—and Evie burst into the room, her face lit up with great excitement, and her eyes dancing wickedly, as she screamed—"Mis' Nannie, Mis' Nannie, Mistah Achahe's boy, he done come jes' now, an' say a man down ter de crik done tole him dat a lady's over at de deepot—done come on de two 'clock train, an' say yo' is to sen' fur 'er."

"Catherine Peters, sure as I'm alive," said Mrs. Brown by this time wide awake—and added half to herself—"Whatever possessed her not to write—here's a pretty fix with nobody to go for her!" and the mistress of Meadow Farm rose and looked helplessly about her.

"Lem' me go—jes' lem' me go, Mis' Nannie, I kin ride ole Fancy over an' fotch her"—said Evie eagerly.

Mrs. Brown hesitated, but there was no help for it, and at length she said reluctantly—"Well, go on then—Mind now you don't run that old horse—make him trot along though."

Half an hour later, Miss Catherine Peters—on her way to Meadow Farm to pay her cousin the annual visit expected of her—found herself accosted, as she sat tired and way-worn on the hot little station platform, by a bare legged, sun-bonneted little darkey, who fixed a pair of eyes brimful of curiosity full on her face as she said,—“Is yo' Mis' Cathern? I'se Mis' Nannie's hired girl come fur yo'."

Miss Catherine Peters looked up in surprise and with some misgivings at this unexpected announcement—but she had little time for either—for Evie immediately produced a calico riding-skirt, which she carried conveniently tucked up under her arm, and with "yo' kin put dat on, while I leads de hoss up"—suited the action to the word, and led Fancy round the corner of the station.

Fancy, Miss Catherine recognized, and his habits being as settled as her own, a knowledge she had gained in past summers, her misgivings vanished, and she donned the skirt with some confidence.

Evie, meanwhile, held the bridle, and volunteered in-



structions about mounting—alternating them with a volley of questions and an easy flow of conversation—most of which she had to herself.

As Miss Catherine settled herself in the saddle she bethought her of her traveling bag, and inquired what would become of it. Evie at once seized it and most obligingly assuring "Miss Cathern" that she would "teud ter hit"—promptly seated herself, somewhat to that lady's discomfiture, bag in lap—behind, and with a vigorous dig of her heel in his ribs, sent Fancy on his homeward way.

When they had gone about half way, Evie discovered that the bag was heavy, large and inconvenient, and she immediately proposed that Miss Catherine carry it, to this the lady objected that she couldn't manage the bag and horse too—this objection was met with the suggestion that Miss Catherine get off and walk with it while Evie would ride on.

Upon this it occurred to Miss Catherine that Evie could do the same herself—and thereupon she rode up to the fence and, much to Evie's disgust, put her and the bag off. However, the child kept close at Fancy's heels, whence she kept up a running fire of questions, mingled with much information of a rather astonishing kind concerning Meadow Farm and its belongings.

Presently she observed that Fancy was taking it very leisurely, and acting upon the observation she instantly sent a stone whizzing between his legs to stir him up a little; in this intention she succeeded admirably—for that patient animal rudely roused from a peaceful revery—sprang forward with an indignant snort, while poor Miss Catherine—unbalanced by the sudden start, rolled over his rump into the road at Evie's feet, just as, with much interest, she was enquiring—"Is yo' married Miss Cathern? Whose yo' married ter? Cousin George wut wur yeah las' week?"

Terrified by her fall, Miss Catherine screamed—but soon finding herself uninjured, scrambled to her feet, replying to the last question, as she did so with so much vehemence that the rest of the way was pursued in silence, broken only as Fancy put his foot in the "crik," by a muttered "Ump!" followed by "dat hoss spring kneed in he fo' laig, drap people ovah he hade some time"—and brightening up,

Evie continued cheerfully—"throw'd me off'en front ob he nose in de mud no long 'ern yistiddy." The nervous apprehension occasioned by this intelligence, Miss Catherine kept to herself, but it lasted until she reached the farm stile where she gave way to intense thankfulness as she stood once more on her own feet.

Mrs. Brown, awaiting her cousin with fear in her heart, greeted her rapturously, and scolded "Why didn't you let me know you were comin? John's been away since mornin', and the boys is in the field, and me here with not a soul except that jackanapes yonder to do a hand's turn.—I do hope she brought you over all right"—she added pausing in the act of taking off Miss Catherine's bonnet, and looking at her with solicitude.

"Yes, *I'm here*," said Miss Catherine, as she sank wearily into a chair. "Brother George was over to Hardy Co., last week huntin' hands for haymakin' and knowin' John was scarce in hands he engaged two for him—he only come home day before yesterday and sent me—mails is so unreliable—straight on to tell John to look out for 'em now at any time. But I had to stop off at Ridgetown to give sister Mary that white rose slip I been a promisin' her so long—and she would have me bring you some of her mammoth blackberry roots—and it took so long to dig them up that I missed the train and had to come on to-day." "Sorry enough I am I didn't write; the ride I've had, this blessed day, there is nobody knows; but if the Lord'll forgive me this time, I'll never trust myself to that black girl of your'n again, I know," and Miss Catherine shut her lips resolutely, only to open them in a moment indignantly to give vent to her grievances.

"Well I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown, as Miss Catherine finished. "Whatever is to become of that nigger I don't know—but I'm not surprised Catherine—no, I'm not surprised at any thing from her. Only this mornin' I found incubator water in the kettle for coffee, and yesterday pine chips and kindlings in the dough tray—day before yesterday my flowerin' beans at the kitchen door were scalded, and look like they'd been bit by the frost, and the dog's got the hair off his back since Saturday the size of your hand. Not

an hour ago I found my kitchen apron pocket stuffed full of doll rags, embroidered with my carpet chain. The Lord only knows what she'll do next," and Mrs. Brown sighed.

The next morning the expected hands arrived, and shortly afterwards came "Nute"—Evie's seventeen year old brother—and her special detestation, "for Nute," she declared "wus wun lazy, good for nuthin nigger as ever hopped."

However "Nute" was a tall, able bodied fellow, and, with his advent, haymaking began in good earnest. To order "Nute" about; to report his misdeeds; to growl at him incessantly; to rail hourly at his laziness to "Mis' Nannie;" and to carry home to "pap," on Sunday, bitter complaints of his idleness and ill treatment of herself, in the delightful anticipation that he would receive a 'good soun' ' application of hickory or dogwood, was a never failing source of joy to Evie.

And many were the traps and contrivances she laid in "Mis' Nannie's" name whereby to get "Nute" to do her chores. At first "Nute" was guileless, but he soon began to suspect foul play, and to act accordingly—eventually lending an ear to nothing Evie could say.

Truth to say, "Nute" was a trial, and as good at shirking his work as Evie herself. In addition to his shiftlessness, he was given to whiskey, bad company, and running about at night, all of which incurred the parental displeasure, and were frequently corrected,—but with little avail—by a vigorous laying on of the rod.

With the white "hands," Evie had but little to do; of the two Hardy men she contented herself by emphatically remarking one day—"Tain't no use en me taken but one towel over ter thay house, them boys wipes on Temple en "Nute's" towel inny way, 'cause I seen 'um—an' w'en white folks doan' know no better'n *dat*, yo' kin know dey ain't nobody nohow." That night half a dozen pieces of wood were found mysteriously covered up in the bed—and the pillow cases were stuffed with split pine. Upon being questioned in regard to it, Evie scornfully denied all knowledge of the matter saying—"I *did* foun' one stick o' wood on de foot of the baid, an' I jes' lef' it right *whar* I foun' it —dats all I know."

The clock had just struck four, and the chickens were crowing lustily, one sweet June morning, when Mrs. Brown came briskly down to call Evie and to get breakfast.

As she reached the kitchen door, the rattle of a tin bucket, in the cow pen, near by, caught her ear, and filled her with surprise. "Why Nute is actually up and milking before breakfast," she thought to herself, for Evie's efforts to rouse Nute in time for breakfast generally began and ended in a war of words which left Nute still in bed. Mrs. Brown was again surprised, when she went to the smoke-house for meat, to hear voices in the men's house close by, and upon looking out to see what she supposed to be a Hardy man, and the store-keeper's clerk engaged in earnest conversation before the cabin door. There was an air of mystery about such an occurrence, for what on earth could the clerk, who lived two miles away, want with a perfect stranger at such an hour.

When the bell rang for breakfast, an hour later, and the broad day light revealed the clerk still standing at the door of the men's quarters, Evie's curiosity and excitement were roused to fever heat, and her tongue was loose at both ends.

Presently "Nute" stole into breakfast, his face ashy, and his mien so abject and expressive of submission that Evie instantly seized the opportunity and pounced upon him, in her most imperious manner, with—"Nute, yo' jes' go down ter de spring house right off, an' kerry up dat milk ter de hogs—Mis' Nannie say so." And with an alacrity, born of terror, Nute obeyed—and Evie, replying to Mrs. Brown's query—"why that boy didn't come on and eat," said, "I ax'd him please too kerry up de milk fur me, 'cause my toe's so—an' he doin' hit"—and she limped painfully.

Soon after Mr. Brown came in and the mystery was solved;—the Hardy men were under arrest for stealing three pairs of shoes from the store while there the Saturday night before, and the clerk was waiting with them for a third hand, John Tussing.

This John had been with them, and it appeared had proposed the stealing, had offered the men half price for the goods, and had secreted the shoes in his trunk until the night before; then being alarmed by a chance rumor that the shoes

had been missed at the store, he had given them to the men, and, burning with righteous indignation at the owners of stolen goods, had set off post haste after nine o'clock at night to walk two miles to the store and inform upon the thieves; he had then returned to his family to sleep the sleep of the righteous determined not to be on the scene the next morning when the arrest should be made.

Nine o'clock came and "Mr. Tu-singer," as Evie called him, failing to make his appearance, was sent for; and, upon his arrival, the three men were ranged abreast, set in the road, and marched off to the store for their trial, the clerk with the stolen goods, following close behind on horseback.

All this was bliss to Evie, who had long before gleaned the particulars from Temple and "Nute"—and she discoursed at such length upon the atrocity of lying and "thievin'" that one could have sworn her own soul was of virgin purity—and Mrs. Brown was almost distracted and in despair of getting her to do any thing.

After the wickedness of the deed, the punishment for it occupied Evie's attention, and many and varied were her conjectures concerning it.

"Pain'tench' is too good fur 'um, ain't Mis' Nannie?" she asked—and "Mis' Nannie," willing to give Evie a warning for her own use, endeavored as best she could to impress upon her the disgrace and the horrors of going to the penitentiary. Evie listened with close attention and much interest—chuckling whenever "Mis' Nannie" related any thing very horrible, and when the story was finished she said—"Is dot de palce whar dey puts balls on dey laigs—like I seen on a man's laig's in de Gog'afy? Jes' like ter see dem balls on dey laigs—he! he! igh,igh!" And such was the effect of "Mis' Nannie's" well meant warning.

For days "Nute" was a changed creature, the change being attributed to the wholesome terror of evil doing inspired by the arrest. And no other agent in his reformation was suspected until Evie returned from home the following Sunday, and announced with great pleasure that—"Pap cotch Nute wif de men dat night at de sto', an' tuk him hom' an' giv' him a good dressin' down wif dog-wood, fur runnin' bout 'thout axin'."

Summer passed and autumn was far advanced. Evie's winter clothes were made, her shoes bought, and the wants of her body supplied for a year or more, when one day Alec walked into the kitchen, where she was washing the dishes, and affirmed,—‘Dot he had come ter see how she was progression wif her schoolin’—dat she ort ter be at school, t’warn’t f’ar fur her ter stay way no longah;’—‘but,’ he said—‘brung me dat book, an’ I’s see fur myse’f wat yo’ been at.’ The book was brought and promptly opened upside down. ‘Now yo’ stan’ up dar an spell cat’—commanded Alec with severity. ‘K-a-t,—cat,’ spelled Evie glibly. ‘Dats right—dats good’—said Alec approvingly. ‘Now yo’ spell *hin*,’ and Evie rapidly spelled ‘H-i-n,—hin.’—‘Yo’ doin’ well chile, dats sho’—an’ inconsideration ob dat I gwine lef’ yo’ wif ‘Mis’ Nannie twel Sad’day when yo’ gits dat new amprun I done heard er promix yo’ de las’ time I wus yeah.’

And Alec arose and stalked majestically to the door saying warningly as he reached it—‘Now doan’ yo’ furgit, yo’ is ter be home time fur school Monday.’

Monday came and went, and Meadow Farm knew Evie no more.

And Mrs. Brown, fain to solve anew the problem of help, said to Mr. Brown with a groan—‘There! I told you so—It’s just as I expected.’

Mary Lee Pennybacker



True Storeis Taken from our Theme Books.

I.

**Reason Sufficient.**

In one of the rooms of the Post Office Department in Washington, there hangs in a dingy frame a letter which never fails to bring a smile and a curious look to the face of the passer-by who stops for a moment to glance at the contents.

The writer was an odd quick-tempered old man, who carried the mails over Cheat Mountain, one of the highest of the Alleghany peaks in Virginia.

The winter of 18— being a very severe one, Cheat Mountain, on account of its great height, was so deeply covered with snow and ice as to be well nigh impassable.

In consequence the old mail carrier was frequently several days late, much to the annoyance of those on his route.

Complaint was made of his conduct to the Department in Washington, and a letter was written reprimanding the old fellow severely.

He, however, gave it no heed, going on in his own sweet way, bringing the mail several days behind hand as usual.— Another complaint was made and another letter written, still the mails continued late. Finally the third came; then the old man rose up in his wrath and thus he wrote :

Post Office Department,  
Washington, D. C.,

Dear Sirs :

If the gable end of hell should drop out and it should rain fire and brimstone for forty days and forty nights, it would'nt melt snow enough off of Cheat Mountain to get your confounded old mails through.

Yours respectfully,

---

Cheat Mt. Mail Carrier.

G. B.

## II.

**When Grandma went Crazy.**

When my brother was six years old he was allowed to go alone to pay a long promised visit to his grandmother.— On his return he never tired of telling of an incident of his visit which had firmly impressed itself upon his mind.

One afternoon in the latter part of June, he and grandma were sitting on the front porch; grandma busy with her knitting, and brother, with his head leaning back against a pillar of the porch, and his heels swinging lazily against the rounds of his chair was intently watching the flying needles.

Grandma had a habit of talking to herself, "thinking aloud," brother called it. For some moments past she had been annoyed by a large wasp flying here and there in the vines on the porch. At last she raised her head, adjusted her spectacles, laid aside her knitting, and taking her scissors in her hand, fixed her eyes, as brother thought, upon him, but in reality upon the buzzing wasp, now grown quite outrageous.

She came across the porch murmuring to herself, "I can't stand you any longer—I've been trying for a long time to put up with you, but now my patience is quite worn out, and I'm going to kill you," all this time working her scissors vigorously. Brother quite unconscious of the wasp behind him, never doubted but that grandma was addressing him. For a moment he sat gazing at her in open-mouthed, wide-eyed astonishment. Then with a wild yell of terror, he scrambled over the low piazza railing, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him to the protection of his old "mammy." "Aunt Lucinda, Aunt Lucinda," he gasped, "grandma's gone crazy, she's going to kill me with the scissors!" Aunt Lucinda first calmed the sobbing child, then hurried to the front porch to see what was the matter with "Ole Missis."— She found grandma sitting quietly in her low rocker, her needles busily flashing, and a look of satisfaction on her face, while on the top step lay the body of a cruelly murdered wasp.

How grandma did laugh when Aunt Lucinda explained her errand. "Was that what was the matter with Willie?" she said. "Poor child, I thought the wasp had stung him."

C. B.

### III.

#### **Watch and Pray.**

In the days when the blue-grass counties were still thinly settled, when dense forests grew where grain-fields now wave, when the memory of our hero, Dan Boone, was still fresh, and stories of his exploits with axe and gun were still told by old men who had shared them, my grand-mother's grandfather lived near the border of Montgomery, fully twenty miles from Winchester. He was a merry, good-natured old gentleman, much given to hospitality,—indeed, it was his greatest pleasure to collect as many guests as he could in his house.

One cold October evening, Mr. Jones, a Methodist minister, a quiet humorous man, exceedingly fond of a joke, rode up with his friend and fellow-preacher, Mr. Redd. My great-great grandfather welcomed them with hearty voice and slaps on the shoulder, seated them before a blazing wood-fire, and handed to each a tempting glass of mint-julep. Mr. Redd put his on the table, dropped on his knees, and said a long continued grace, during which Mr. Jones drained both glasses. When Mr. Redd arose, he looked blankly at his empty glass, then slowly around him. "Ah, Brother Redd," said the culprit with an unmoved countenance, "You must watch as well as pray." E. C. M.

### IV.

#### **A Fleeting Glimpse.**

Mounted astride a tall, gawky, raw boned street-car mule, her bare brown legs coming out from beneath a bright red calico dress which flapped in the wind; both knees firmly planted in the mules flanks; both hands clutching the rope-bridle; her head devoid of covering, bobbing wildly; an ever-increasing grin of delight overspreading her features,—this small negro girl, bearing a grotesque resemblance to a grass-hopper, was the sight that met my view.

Swinging to the mule's bridle and keeping pace with it by manful efforts, was a negro boy not many sizes larger than the small rider. Attired in a long old-fashioned coat, that might have seen service in the time of our grandfathers, an old pair of linen trousers, once white, and a striped gingham shirt, his black face radiant with mingled delight and admiration, he was a cavalier well suited to tickle the fancy of any dusky damsel. The mule, evidently enjoying the situation, with head and tail erect, clattered down the street, and the three were lost from sight. G. B.

### Our Journey with The Agent.

"Here we are in Atlanta, and where is Mr. Sergeant?"—"I do believe he has forgotten to meet us. What shall we do?"—"Perhaps he is in the depot. You get the lunch-basket, Ella, and I'll take the grip. We'll be left, I am sure," so sighed and commented we two forlorn Texas girls on our way to the Augusta Seminary. With our respective bundles we hurried out of the train looking anxiously for Mr. Sergeant. We were almost in despair when we heard a gentleman ask the conductor if there were two young ladies on the train going to Staunton. When told there were, he introduced himself to us as "Miss Baldwin's agent," and relieved us of our baggage.

As we walked toward the station he chatted pleasantly, and "What time is it?"—"How long shall we have to stay here?"—"Is the Seminary right in the city?"—"Does Miss Baldwin ever let us see boys?"—"Where are all the other girls? I thought we'd to meet lots of them here?"—"Will it be long before we reach Staunton?" were asked him in rapid succession, and there was a merry twinkle in his eyes as he attempted to answer these questions and many more. At the station we found three girls on their way to the Seminary. As Mr. Sergeant then left us, with our new friends, we walked down the street to while away the time. We were all new girls, and wondered and conjectured about our home for the next nine months. On our return we found the twelve girls who were to meet in Atlanta, had gathered, and were waiting for the train. They were all talking at once, the new girls asking hosts of questions, and the old girls answering them, describing the Seminary and teachers with knowing and patronizing airs. Let new girls be pitied until as old girls they have taken a turn at telling stories.

"Do you have to study very hard?" we asked. "Indeed you do," said a tall, languid-looking girl. "Why ar'n't you ashamed of yourself," said another; "you know you don't study at all unless you want to." "Girls, don't you believe any such nonsense," said the first. "Some of us study from six in the morning 'till ten at night."—"Yes, and some of us don't."—"Tell me, do we get anything good to eat?" interrupted little May who had just finished an

orange. "Should think we do," said Jane,— "rolls every meal, apples every day, and desert three times a week. Why, I am just going back to the Seminary get fat. It certainly is a healthy place." At this juncture, the train whistled and all was bustle and excitement,—there was a hurrying to and fro, a gathering of bundles, a bidding of hasty farewells, Mr. Sergeant could be seen running from the coach to the girls and back again, coat-tails flying, glasses on the end of his nose, in fact, he was every where at once. Finally we were all seated and quietly resumed our conversation, the old girls telling miraculous tales of last years exploits,—of the tearing the fence down on commencement night, of the painting the Seminary green on St. Patrick's, and of the dangers of the "covered way," after dark.

Of course all this was followed by a profound shake of the head, and the incredulous looks of the listener caused witnesses to be summoned who immediately testified to the truth of all the stories that could be told, for old girls will stand by each other. When they had told us every thing, we novices in boarding-school life quieted down to meditate on our prospects; the others to tell each other of their new clothes, their travels and summer flirtations. Next morning while eating our fashionable breakfast at twelve o'clock, we discovered that the sleeper in front of our "special" was crowded with boys; they had tried in every conceivable way to gain access to our car, but found to their extreme dismay that Mr. Sergeant was no corruptible guardian.

They had told him many different tales and made excuses of every sort to gain admittance, but he was inexorable. Not until our car was attached to another train at Charlottesville and the boys were left behind did they give up all hope of talking with some of the girls. We soon forgot them all as we hurried through the Blue-ridge tunnels and neared Staunton.

Here Mr. King picked us out from the common herd of humanity by the little tube-rose that decorated the button hole of each of Mr. Sergeant's charge. The journey was ended, the investigation concerning the truth of the "old girl's" stories now began.

Ella Moore,  
Ella Wheeler.

## The Art Studio.

One of the most important improvements this year, and the one that has added most to our convenience, is the addition to the art room. The studio is now about twice its former size, and both teacher and pupils revel in their newly acquired space. It has now five single windows on the south side, and three long single and two double ones on the north. We no longer hear the cry "poor light," or see girls rush to the studio and beg Miss Fairchild for a desired place; nor if they have loitered, need they suffer for want of light. Each girl now has the place that she likes best, and works without fear of intercepting the light of her next neighbor. There are now four closets opening out of the studio; one of which is, as of old, used for storing the easels on Friday afternoons when the week's work is done. The other three are filled with drawings and paintings that the girls have completed and joyfully laid aside to await the art reception and the journey home. Between these closets are two alcoves in which stand casts of Venus, Ajax, Socrates, Apollo, Juno, Jupiter and Diana.

The square in the middle of the room, ornamented as the picture shows with a railing and casts, is the old chimney, which could not be removed.

As you come up the stairs to the art room on the right is the new china studio, a great improvement on the noisy, dusky gallery in which we worked last year.

Lula Dickinson.





ART ROOM.



## News from the Old Girls.

If "we old girls" would be strictly truthful, I think most of us would confess to the sort of feeling Louis XV. expressed in the well-known words, "*Après moi, le deluge.*" Not that we for a moment suppose that the Seminary couldn't exist without us, that at six A. M., the old bell wouldn't rouse sleepers to their work again, or at six P. M., there wouldn't be the old hurried, hungry rush to the dining room; but it is just a little hard to realize that new and younger girls are filling our places as the Editors and managers of *The Annual* and getting up the little paper that seemed *our* special property. I, for one, have something of the feeling towards the little Magazine with its dainty white-and-gold cover that a mother has towards a child; and, if *The Annual* in future gives to others one-fourth the pleasure that the one of '91 has given me, its success is assured to generations yet unborn. I have read all the articles until I know each one by heart, and still chuckle over the jokes which to us seemed irresistibly funny, and yet which every person outside to whom I have shown the paper has read with countenance immovable. But then, every one isn't gifted with an appreciation of the ridiculous!

I can most heartily endorse Helen Bridges in her saying in her delightful letter of last year that the words "dear old Sem.," after the lapse of time come straight from the heart; all the hard times when work,—Examinations, Compositions, Latin notes, English Questions, Literature tables, etc.,—piled up before us mountain high, are forgotten, and only the times when we had "lots of fun"—Easter holidays, Glee Club nights, spreads, Saturday leisure, surprise holidays, etc.,—live in the memory.

Every year I am more thankful that *my* lot was cast at the A. F. S., though sometimes, it is mortifying to be reminded that one is a *graduate* of Miss Baldwin's, when one makes a *lapsus linguae*, a mistake in history, or a wrong quotation.

One advantage of four years at the Seminary, and a very great one, too, is the wide circle of acquaintances formed,—so wide that afterwards, when meeting strangers, provided they be from below Mason and Dixon's line, the stiffness of a first meeting is taken away, for common friends are almost invariably formed, and often startling revelations made.

To illustrate :—While in Baltimore this winter, a young woman called on my friend, who was introduced to me as Mrs. Richardson. For a while I paid no attention to her, for her talk was all of "Jack" and "the babies;" presently however, she turned to me, and on finding I was from Martinsburgh, at once asked about some of the girls whom she had known at school. This led to the discovery that we were both "Miss Baldwin's girls"; of course Seminary talk ensued, and it turned out she was Bess Hardesty of the case of "Mercier and Hardesty," so celebrated in the annals of Seminary "darlings."

Another time I was not quite so thankful that I had been at the Seminary. I asked a new acquaintance about an old school mate from his town, and by way of making myself agreeable, spoke of her freshness and verdancy; to my utter dismay the reply came,—"I don't know her very well, but she's a close connection of mine."

But to my task of telling what I know of the old girls, where they have visited, what they have done, are doing, and expect to do: I hardly know how to put together the bits of news, they are so disjointed, gathered from so many different sources.

Madge Greenlees has married the naval officer, we used to make her blush so crimson over, and now lives in Brooklyn on Royal Worcester and cut-glass wedding presents, love and \$1000 a year.\*

Her *fidus Achatas*, Cora Spence has "put away childish things" and has also taken unto herself a husband.—Winifred Habicht, I hear, has left the ranks of maidens in "meditation fancy free" and is filling a home in Indiana

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\* Truth is stranger than fiction, Madge has gone on a cruise in the Southern Pacific.—*Eds.*

with the melody of her rich contralto. I could mention a long list of girls—Sue Campbell, Amelia Pearson, Minnie Bohon, Vevie Forsythe, Bettie Nance, Eva Bewe, Mamie Gilliam, May Faulkner, Jane and Boydie—who in society's gay whirl this winter have been captivating hearts, but are themselves not yet caught. Others after a summer of gayety went to work: Lucille Foster has been in New York continuing her studies in elocution, winning laurels, and making us proud to call her schoolmate. Emma Baldwin and Marie Ezell † have been studying in the same city, the one vocal music, (she has gone beyond Bum-de-rum-dom now) and the other, art. Margaret Epes has been working in the Cochran Art Gallery in Washington. Love Hilliard and Mary Stribling in Baltimore, at the Peabody, have been preparing themselves for greater usefulness by their knowledge of music, and Jacquelin Epes has been teaching in Georgia, preparing her pupil for the Seminary.

Nelle Estes and Aleck Read were in Washington this winter, I believe they were taking no special course, probably, however, they are going to publish a *Texas* edition of "Society As I Have Found It in The Nation's Capital." We shall soon hear Ella Evans and Roselle Mercer spoken of as rising young authors of the South; and be proud to claim them, too, as old schoolmates. They made their literary début, this winter with much éclat;—(this expression will be remembered by some of us as an old joke),—though as I heard of their maiden efforts from one of them, and from one, as we all know, whose "modesty is her chief charm," the éclat was barely mentioned.

Among those who have visited the Old World are Camille Mercier, Emma Burleson, Virginia Lucas, Stella Hutcheson and Eula Brown. Virginia shows as one of her treasures a little book in which she has collected, in the most perfect order, tiny flowers, leaves or ferns from different places she had known and loved long before she saw them. Isn't that just like Virginia?

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† Emma Baldwin and Maria Ezelle have both been studying in the Art League, and we hear have recently been promoted.—*Eds.*

Emma Roseboro. while on a visit to Edith Rearick here in my town, told me of Annie Wallace's fame in Charleston as a pianist, and her popularity everywhere she goes, great as it was at school when "darlings" dogged her footsteps by the score. Eva Bowe and I stayed last summer for a month with Lou Goffigon in her home on the banks of the blue Chesapeake; Eva's brown eyes still "rain influence," while Lou is the acknowledged beauty of the county. Mattie Allen and I had many a long talk of old times as we strolled through the woods here at my home last fall, or took long drives together. She has changed from the nervous, excitable girl of school-days, but *sometimes* she gets into a fit of giggles as bad as ever.

While with Lulie Pollard in Baltimore last month, I saw and heard of a good many old girls. To Lulie the years have brought little change but to make her sweeter and more lovable than ever.

In one of my short formal calls in Baltimore, I was awed into silence; and in the calm, dignified, correct young woman who never forgot her broad a's and spoke of the "pawst," and all things connected therewith as almost forgotten, I could hardly recognize the gay, careless, laughter-loving school-girl, Daisy Holliday.

We had a delightful little peep at Leila and Mamie Berry; Mamie is still at Mme. La Fevre's, and Leila was visiting her. They are both splendid specimens of young womanhood, and yet with manners charmingly natural and unaffected. Leila told us of Eula Brown's visit to her this winter, and of the admiration her beauty excited, and also of the bevy of old school-girls that were gathered at Flora Wheatley's.

I would like in these lines to extend my deepest sympathy to those of the girls over whose homes in the last year the shadow of Death has fallen, and the dear mother or kind, protecting father, has been taken away,—

"Oftentimes celestial benedictions,  
Assume this dark disguise."



Time, to say nothing of readers, would fail me, were I to tell all the scraps of news I have heard in one way or another.

“Oft I remember those whom I have known  
In other days, to whom my heart was led  
As by a magnet, and who are not dead,  
But absent, and there memories overgrown  
With other thoughts and troubles of my own  
As graves with grasses are, and at their head  
The stone with moss and lichens so o’erspread  
Nothing is legible but the name alone,  
And is it so with them? after long years  
Do they remember me in the same way  
And is the memory pleasant as to me?  
I fear to ask; yet wherefore are my fears?  
Pleasures, like flowers may wither and decay  
And yet the root perennial may be.”

Sue Browne Stribling.

*April 27th, 1892.*

# The Augusta Seminary Annual.

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No. II.

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Editor in Chief:—Miss S. E. Wright.

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Elizabeth McMillan,

Janie Brawner,

Gussie Bumgardner,

Pattie Alexander.

Business Managers :

Mattie Wayt,

Louise Poston,

Bertha Hogshead.

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The Editors last year as they sent out the first *Annual* said,

Come tell me what was sayd of me

And I will send more after thee.

In fulfilment of this their pledge, we issue the second number cheered by the encouragement of old friends and by the help of new.

It is for us on whom now devolve the Editor's duties, not only to call attention to the changes in the paper and to account for them, but to make some promises for the future, for the success of our paper has been such that we may feel sure of a future.

As for the changes: *The Outline of Burke's Speech* takes the place of the essays on poetry that marked the first *Annual* as the publication of the Literature Classes. This outline was made when we were studying the speech, and was shortened and prepared for the paper by the one over whose name it is printed. One of the same character was made by each member of the class, and revised in the class.

*The Stories from our Theme Books* with some of the longer contributions, represent the work of the Rhetoric Class, which has been in the past year less of theory and more of practice than in former years. We brought in every Wednesday a theme limited in length, a description, a true story, a bit of criticism or an argument; these themes were criticised in class, and the sufferer tried to look unconcerned as she might hear that her story lacked point, her description vividness, her argument reasoning, that her title did not apply, that she gave unnecessary details, or omitted particulars.

*The Note Book*, every Literature girl's best friend asks for recognition in the selections from Lowell.

We publish in *The Annual* this year the prize and medal list, that our subscribers need not wait for the Catalogue to find their own or their friends' names in print, but particularly for the honors of the receivers of prizes and medals whose

Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself.

As for the future: We wish that our paper, while indicating each year the character of our work might add an impulse to the one given us here to continue on leaving school our studies, or at least our serious reading; with this in view we wish to devote a corner of *The Annual* to the record of some of the Literary circles that may be organized by the members of our Contributors' Club on returning to their homes: so we make a beginning this year with notes from three such circles.

The Editors would fail in their duty, did they not express their appreciation of the work of the Contributors' Club, to whose hearty co-operation and interest is due the success of the paper.

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*Contributors' Club.*—Sadie Anderson, Sara Able, Marian Davis, Julia Farior, Lillian Hancock, Irene Hutchinson, Leila Morgan, Lizzie Newman, Jessie Rogers, Cammie Robbins, Lollie Sanford, May Viehe, Rhoda Williams.

## Marriages.

- Cora Arey—Mrs. Warren Woodward, Bridgewater, Va.  
 Mary Lou Bledsoe—Mrs. Geo. Beard, Fernandina, Fla.  
 Dixie Buford—Mrs. A. E. Jennings, Oxford, Miss.  
 India Baldwin—Mrs. Ben. Baldwin, Cuthbert, Ga.  
 Fannie Blackley—Mr. Judson Cushing, Staunton, Va.  
 Althea Cosby—Mrs. George Mayes, Newbern, S. C.  
 Georgia Clarkson—Mrs. Jack. Ogilvie, Charleston, Mo.  
 Anna Cribbins—Mrs. Henry A. Drury, Staunton, Va.  
 Mary Clopton—Mrs. Henry E. Coolridge, Helena, Ark.  
 Hallie Cooper—Mrs. Walter Cheyne, N. Y.  
 Margaret Daniel—Mrs. Wm. L. Frierson, Clarksville,  
 Tennessee.  
 May Drafs—  
 Lula Edwards—Mrs. G. N. Hodge, Opeka, Ark.  
 Ann Fauntleroy—Mrs. Robert Ball, Richmond, Va.  
 Martine Henry—Mrs. John Allen Frayzer, Owensboro,  
 Kentucky.  
 Metie Hall—Mrs. L. E. Burwell, Bastrop, La.  
 Julia Hubbard—Mrs. Wilson Irwin Kelby, Wheeling,  
 W. Va.  
 Madge Greenlees—Mrs. Cleland Nelson Offey.  
 Minnie Johnson—Mrs. Geo. Gault, Jr., Memphis, Tenn.  
 Irma Jeter—Mrs. James Wilkins, Pine Bluff, Ark.  
 Nettie Kelterborne—Mrs. Dale, Savannah, Ga.  
 Annie Love—Mrs. Love, Milton, W. Va.  
 Grace Lindsey—Mrs. Frank Talbott, Danville, Va.  
 Leta McCreery—Mrs. Edwin Keatley, Raleigh, C. H.,  
 W. Virginia.  
 Lily McCruen—Mrs. John Walker, Raton, New Mexico.  
 Mabel Reeves—Mrs. Frederick Rutledge, Ashville,  
 North Carolina.  
 Annie Raine—Mrs. Pryor Mynatt, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.  
 Jessie Ross—Mrs. Geo. Parkhill, Jacksonville, Fla.  
 Emma Russell—Mrs. Thomas J. Davis, Ashland, Ky.  
 Kate Stover—Mrs. Chas. Warrock, Lucasville, Ohio.  
 Mary Swineford—Mrs. Danner, Richmond, Va.  
 Cora Spence—Mrs. Robert Carrick, Georgetown, Ky.  
 Maggie Spitler—Mrs. Thomas S. Heflin, Silver City,  
 New Mexico.  
 Annie Walker—Mrs. Geo. W. St. Clair, Staunton, Va.  
 Jessie Winn—Mrs. Walter Deering, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

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## **In Memoriam.**

Mr. Wade Heiskel was born in Staunton in 1804, Mrs. Heiskel in 1808. They passed their youth in this place and were married in 1827.

Mr. Heiskel took his bride to Wheeling, then a little village differing greatly from the large, bustling town of to-day. Here they were interested and helpful in founding the first Episcopal Church. After leaving Wheeling, they lived for some time in St. Louis; their lovely suburban home possessing every attraction which could make life happy.

We all remember with pleasure the accounts of their visits to Virginia, when they traveled on horse-back or in a private carriage, half across the United States, long before trains were heard of, and when the journey required weeks instead of hours. Their next home was in Philadelphia; where their generous hospitality, and their interest in and sympathy with young people gathered about them and their four daughters a circle of young friends, whose sincere good wishes and affection followed them to Baltimore and to Staunton.

They spent the last twelve years of their lives with their niece, Miss Baldwin, and won not only the esteem but the love of all connected with the Seminary.

When school opened last fall, Mr. Heiskel was in poor health, and the girls did not become well acquainted with him, as they had in former years; but Mrs. Heiskel still attended to her accustomed duties, and her sweet and gentle presence was felt by all.

There was an apparent improvement in Mr. Heiskel's condition, and the family had become quite hopeful of his recovery, but on the afternoon of the 9th of November, the school and the residents of Staunton were shocked and grieved to hear that he had passed away. School was suspended for two days and a hush fell upon the whole household; even the most careless and thoughtless became quiet and subdued. All sympathized with the bereaved family, but especially with Mrs. Heiskel, who had given her hus-

band such loving and devoted attention during the last three months of his declining health. When he died, the dear old lady felt that her life-work was done.

The separation was to be only for a short time. We girls did not see her out of her room but once after his death. She lingered for four short weeks, and then went to join him with whom she had passed sixty-five happy years of married life; and to enjoy eternal happiness in the presence of the Master, whom she had served so faithfully while on earth.

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Three times during the last few months has ruthless death entered our midst, hushed the busy rounds of Seminary life, and cast sadness and gloom into the hearts of the gayest. Twice did his unerring sickle reap the "bearded grain," then the lovely flower. April 16th, the solemn words were whispered from one to another, "Mamie Davis is dead." A few days before, she had been apparently in perfect health, faithfully and happily discharging the duties that came in her way. As swiftly as the arrow flies from the bow came sickness and pain, but hope was strong in our hearts and we had not thought that the golden ladder upon which God's angels come and go would so soon be let down for our little school-mate. We could not realize that a life so full of promise, just blossoming from childhood into happy girlhood had finished its course on earth. But brief as it was, it had its sunny influence in brightening and cheering the lives of those around her; for her happy, loving disposition made her a favorite alike with teachers, pupils and friends. Her school life was marked by a devotion to duty and conscientiousness beyond her age. As she lay in the narrow coffin, very like the pure, fragrant flowers scattered over her by loving hands, peacefully sleeping the last long sleep of death, a lady looking down on the still, fragile form said, "She was a little girl about whom my little girls always had pleasant, nice things to tell me." Her freed spirit feared no evil as she entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death, for she was clinging closely to the guiding hand of the Good Shepherd, to whom she had so early consecrated her life. Peace! stricken parents and friends! this pure



flower bloometh fair on the banks of the River of Life. The freed spirit suffers no pain; happy and rejoicing, she stands at the foot of the throne, robed in her shining garments.

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Since our last *Annual* was issued, two of the best and the brightest the Seminary has ever known, two whose names were remembered here for their achievements long after they left these walls—have gone to the heavenly school. Annie Sloan, Mrs. James Bradshaw Beverley of Columbia, S. C., and Emma Russell, Mrs. Thomas J. Davis, of Ashland, Kentucky.

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Among the students of the last few years many will remember Madie Anderson and Addie Wright, it is our sad duty to record the death of these our school-mates.

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On the 26th of March, the sad tidings were flashed across the wire that Rev. Edward Lane, had fallen a victim to the yellow fever scourge, then prevailing in Brazil.

He considered it his duty to remain in that fever-stricken region, to minister to the suffering, to whisper words of hope and comfort to the dying; and only those who knew the noble type of manhood can fully appreciate the fidelity and earnestness with which he performed these last, sad duties.

It seemed most fitting that he should lay down his life in Campinas, amid the scenes and with the people, where for so many years he had labored and had achieved such brilliant success.

During his late sojourn in the United States, he was a frequent and always a welcome visitor to the Seminary; his presence brought with it sunshine, whose rays imparted strength and hope to all upon whom they fell.

His wife and children being in this country, he was deprived in his last moments of the consolation of their presence, but he was not alone in the shadowy valley, the Friend of Friends was guiding his faithful servant.

To his many friends his death is an irreparable loss, to the Missionary cause, of which this Prince in Israel was a leader, it is a calamity.

We append a few extracts from letters of friends, whose intimacy with Mr. Lane gave them every opportunity of knowing thoroughly the true worth of his character :

“It is not to be wondered at, that there is grief and lamentation; for a prince has fallen, a hero has died on the field of battle, a servant of God who never knew fear or timidity, has disappeared from the earth. We trace these lines transfixed with pain and grief. One of the oldest ministers of our beloved church, has just entered into eternal rest; an evangelist, tested by more than twenty long years of labor in the ministry of Christ in this land; a pastor beloved by his flock; a good citizen respected by all who knew him; ‘a believer who was in the habit of taking intimate counsel in the Holy of Holies of the heart of Jesus;’ a fellow laborer always ready to take part in any work for the Lord; an ecclesiastic who never fled from the arena of discussion; a theologian that knew not only the word of God, but Universal History also, especially that of the church and the papacy; a preacher without equal among us, impressing his audience, by the presentation of facts, arguments, illustrations and personal appeals.

“Such a death is a victory, such a life a stimulus, an appeal to all the servants of the Lord to be more faithful, humble, more consecrated.”

“Entire self-abnegation was the basis of his character. He was gentle, kind, self-reliant, abounding in resources, modestly self-asserting, considerate and yet the most amicably firm man I ever saw. It was not obstinacy, because he always had a reason for the position he occupied. He was never idle and always had a purpose.

No obstacle ever successfully stood in his way. His delight was to cope with difficulties, especially if they opposed his path towards what he considered his duty. In all the three years of our intimate association, I never once saw him out of temper, nor did I ever know him to express an uncharitable sentiment, or ascribe a sinister motive.”

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## "One may go"

I doubt whether any Seminary news has ever caused more universal regret than the announcement that she who for four years has presided over the Realm of Expression, leaves us this May to return no more.

Whether the old saying that "our blessings brighten as they take their flight," be true or not, certain it is that as the time of parting draws near, we more clearly recognize the value of her we are losing.

When one thinks of all she has done here for her art, teaching above all, that great fact, that behind all expression must be *soul*—one cannot hesitate to pronounce her reign in the province of Artistic Expression, the most successful in the annals of the Seminary. So great has been her success, that she has raised Elocution into the front rank, and recognizing the fact that it embraces the elements of Literature, Music, and Art, has made a diploma in her department an honor second to none. From a mere name, she has made that great master of expression, *Déssarte*, a reality to us, understanding his system so thoroughly she has taught the *use*, and not the *abuse*, of it.

Above all let us honor her in that she has set us the example of mastering a thought before expressing it; and has shown us, that in studying the masters, one must delve deeply, as to those only who so labor, are the richest treasures shown.

With a magician's wand she brought before us scenes from Grecian fable, when the nymphs, Narcissus-like, beheld themselves in Nature's mirror; from legendary Rome, when Virginius, with almost Spartan fortitude, slew his daughter; from modern Venice, in all the happy abandon of Carnival time; and, with a chisel imitating that of Phidias, brought "living Greece" before us in frieze from the Parthenon.

What wonder that her touch aroused *The Princess* from her sleep of forty years, and caused her to charm us with her classes of Violets and April Daffodils.

It is not surprising that in our "heart of hearts we feel her might," and that her place will be a hard one to fill.

To her as she is leaving, then

"Be tributes of the tongue, and pen,  
Be honor, praise and heart-thanks given,  
The loves of earth, the hopes of heaven!  
The dearer than the praise that stirs,  
The air to-day, our *love* is hers!"

## Concerning Clubs.

### I.

#### **Some Louisville Clubs.**

In that most charming of books, "As We Were Saying," Charles Dudley Warner has a chapter on what he very rightly calls "a tendency of the age"—and says this of clubs:—"The notion appears to be spreading that there must besome way by which one can get a good intellectual out-fit without much personal effort. \* \* \* It is beautiful to witness our reliance upon others. The wise may be free of books,—the libraries may be as free and as unstrained of impurities as city water, but if we wish to read anything, or study anything we resort to a club. \* \* \* A book which we could master and possess in an evening we can have read to us in a month at the club, without the least intellectual effort."—I am afraid that a good deal of this is true and that the multiplying of clubs may not be a very good thing—nevertheless my experience with clubs since I left the Seminary has only been one to strengthen me in my conviction that they are very good things, if used judiciously, and that most girls in leaving school will find it almost necessary to form some clubs or classes in order to keep up any regular studying and reading.

But to speak of the Clubs to which I have belonged. First of all there was the Shakspeare Club. The winter after I was at the Seminary I was asked to join this club, which had then been in existence for several years. The President of it was a graduate of Wellesley, and most of its numbers had been to that College. There were about ten of us, and we met every other Friday for two hours. We usually selected a play to be studied about four weeks before we would read it, so that the President would have time to make out the outline of work for us, this she gave us at the meeting preceding the one when its study began. Generally we spent six weeks on a play, but I think Hamlet and Macbeth occupied us much longer. The work done was entirely voluntary—the President reading out her outline, and each

member selecting what she preferred. We nearly always read the play aloud in the three meetings, stopping to discuss it as we read (our meetings were very informal), and the discussion we found a great benefit as well as pleasure. It may be that some one would like to know more fully our method, and so I copy the outline we used in studying Macbeth.

Date and History of Play.

Rank.

Interpolations.

Famous Actors.

Personal Appearance—Lady Macbeth.

Superstitions.

The Weird Sisters.

The Character of Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth as told in her husband's words.

Nature of conscience as illustrated by the play.

Comparison of the ghosts in Hamlet and Macbeth.

Comparison of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

The Nature of Temptation as Illustrated by

1—Banquo.

2—Macbeth.

The Lesson of the Play.

We had no fees, but desiring to purchase some Shakspeare books, contributed one winter 25 cents a month, until we bought them.

Perhaps the most delightful class I have ever been fortunate enough to belong to was one known as "Mrs. B—'s class." It began its existence four years ago in this way: Mrs. B. became the President of the Girls' Home Missionary Society in the Second Presbyterian Church, and knowing the fate of most organizations of this kind, determined to hold her girls together by reading with them for an hour every week when they met,—business being finished first. They read Ben-Hur and the Marble Faun, that first winter—studying up the cities, customs, etc., all made more interesting by Mrs. B.'s own accounts of what she had seen in other lands. The second year, other girls asked to join in this reading, and were all made welcome, paying only a membership fee of \$1.00 on entrance. By this time it be-



came necessary to have the business meetings separate, so that the Monday afternoon meetings could be given up entirely to "the class." It was then decided to study Dr. Lord's "Beacon Lights of History." There are seven Volumes of these most charming Lectures, but as they are valuable books for a library, the expense did not deter many. We proceeded in somewhat this fashion,—Mrs. B. would prepare her outline a week in advance,—and give the work out to the twenty or thirty girls present, who would get it ready by the next Monday. We did not write any papers—simply had an informal conversation about the lecture itself, and those topics which would naturally come up in connection with the subject.

For instance I find in my note book, this, concerning the chapter on Geoffrey Chaucer:—

#### Events of the 14th Century.

1. Awakening in Literature and Art.
2. Wars between French and English.
3. Rivalry between Italian Republics.
4. Efforts of Rienzi.
5. Insurrection of the Flemish Weavers.
6. The Jacquerie in Paris.
7. Wat Tyler's Rebellion.
8. The Swiss Confederation.
9. The Pope's return to Avignon.
10. Incipient religious reforms under  
     Wycliff in England.  
     John Huss in Bohemia.
11. Founding of Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge.
12. Establishment of Guilds in London.
13. Explorations in distant countries.
14. The Black Death in Europe.
15. Development of Modern languages by Poets.
16. The Rise of the English House of Commons.
17. Celebrated names in  
     History,  
     Literature,  
     Art.
18. Rulers.



This, with all the Lecture told of Chaucer's life and influence, and with some discussion of the tales themselves, kept us busy for several Mondays. By last April we had finished five volumes (our second winter in them), and until June occupied our time with talks on current events,—political, social, musical, literary—any and all the events of interest during the past week.

Last, but far from least, was the Cadmus Club, modelled after a famous organization in Louisville, known as the Blue-Stocking Club. We began with about ten or twelve members,—mainly girls and young lawyers, and limited the number to thirty. We had a President and Secretary; also a Constitution which we were very proud of, though we seldom allowed it to interfere with any of our plans. We met every two weeks, at about eight, at the house of any member who asked to entertain the "Cadmetes," and adjourned about eleven. Very simple refreshments were served during the evening, and two papers were always read and discussed. The writers of these papers for the whole year, were chosen, by lot at the first meeting in October, so that there was ample time to select a subject and prepare the paper—the subject was always announced to the Club at the meeting previous to the reading of the paper, in order that the other members might "read up," if they cared to. We had papers on a variety of subjects, as, "The Signs of the Times," "Hypnotism, its history and present aspect," "The Opium Question," "Evolution," "The Russian Question," "George Eliot," "Theosophy," "Some Early Kentucky History," etc., etc.

A club of this kind may be made exceedingly interesting if its President and most of its members are enthusiastic. In fact, enthusiasm is necessary to the growth and longevity of all clubs and classes—enthusiasm, a good leader, and informality.

Charlotte Ingram Witherspoon.

Grassmere, Richmond, Kentucky,  
May 29th, 1892.

## II.

**"The Wednesday Night Club."**

"The Wednesday Night Club" we called it, and think we were wise in thus naming it, for the title promised nothing beyond a weekly meeting—neither literary nor social,—and with such a name for a club, failure was impossible.

There were twelve of us, all fond of reading and talking about what we read, so we resolved to organize a club, which we hoped in time would prove literary. At first, an hour each evening was devoted to the criticism of some specified author, some of whose works we had read during the week. Each girl was obliged to express some opinion, and give reasons for it, so it was often amusing to find how we differed,—but argument added new interest. The President opened the meeting with a quotation from the author under discussion, and each member responded with other quotations from the same author. Of course we tried to make different selections that we might form a better idea of the general style, for the object of our club was mutual improvement as well as enjoyment. Promptly at nine o'clock refreshments were served—two things only, made by the hostess. We then had a social time until ten o'clock, when we adjourned. In the spring the club played Howell's "Mouse-trap" and gave the proceeds to the school library. As it grew warm we were not energetic enough to study, so we adjourned until October, and, organized a tennis club for the summer.

In the fall we tried a new plan. In the first place a small fine was imposed for non-attendance, and weekly dues were levied upon each member. The money thus obtained is to be used in keeping our tennis courts in order during the summer. As every one is interested in the Columbian Exposition, we resolved to study the history of Spain, particularly in the time of Columbus. There was some difficulty in getting books of reference, still we felt that even a superficial knowledge would be better than none at all. When we had read all we could find about Spain, and this was not much, as we had no public library to refer to, we took up the subject of Germany and divided it into various

topics as Physical Features, Early History, German Universities, Art, Music, Literature, etc. Each member, after some careful reading, talked for five minutes on the subject assigned her, and was supposed to be able to answer any questions bearing upon it. Most of us grew more and more interested, although a few dropped out because the new plan took more preparation. We then took special points under English History, and by the time we had finished felt better prepared for studying literature. From history we turned to fiction, and spent several weeks very pleasantly with George Eliot. In order to vary the monotony we introduced compositions, and had some interesting papers on *Middlemarch*, *Romola*, *Daniel Deronda* and *Adam Bede*. It is now about time to adjourn for the summer, and we have made no plans for our next winter's work, as we prefer to leave them to the suggestion of the times. Notwithstanding the prediction of our friends that we would abandon all work in six months, our Wednesday Night Club has had a two years history and we hope may have a long life.

Edna Baer.

Somerset, Pa

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### III.

#### **The Staunton Chatauqua.**

"That our school days should serve to arouse an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, which is never satisfied 'till death rings down the curtain and the drama ends," is a saying repeated in one form or another at every Commencement, until it has become so trite that we wonder if Moses did not voice the same sentiment in his Valedictory address in the halls of the Pharaohs. Moved by a thought of this kind, almost every school girl plans a course of reading for her coming young lady-hood's days, so extensive that at the end of five years, she is fortunate if she has accomplished the work allotted to one year. Somewhat disheartened by the contrast between the real and the ideal, she is much pleased at being able to become a member of anything of so literary a character as a Chatauqua Circle.

There are thirteen of us in the Circle in Staunton,—for the benefit of the superstitious let us say that it is an exceptional thing for every member to be present at a meeting,—and I suppose to relate our experience would be to relate that of every other Circle in the country. We meet once a week, we read some, we study some, and—we talk a great deal. Ours is strictly a girl's Club, and we have the additional tie of all claiming the Seminary as our Alma Mater. The Seminary may be somewhat proud of these children, too, for with the exception of three, all have been teachers, and successful ones. Indeed one of them is found among the Faculty of the Seminary, and five of the others are teaching young America in various other institutions in our city.

For three years has this Circle been in existence, and so pleasant a means of bringing us together for study and sociability do we find our meetings, that we hope they may be as long lived, and continue as great a source of pleasure, as is the oak tree that springs from the acorn, our class emblem.

Jennie Max Peck.

## Statistics.

We have been gathering for our own amusement, a few statistics of the school, which we hope will prove of interest to the readers of *The Annual*.

Number of officers, ..	8
“ “ teachers, .....	18
“ “ students in the Seminary, .....	156
“ “ students from town, .....	60
“ “ servants, .....	22
Number of students in the Seminary from	
Virginia, .....	22
Georgia, .....	18
Texas, .....	17
Kentucky, .....	16
Tennessee, .....	12
North Carolina, .....	12
Arkansas, .....	9
South Carolina, .....	8
West Virginia, .....	8
Maryland, .....	4
Alabama, .....	4
Mississippi, .....	4
Pennsylvania, .....	4
New York, .....	3
Louisiana, .....	3
Indiana, .....	2
Brazil, .....	2
China, .....	2
Illinois, .....	1
Indian Territory, .....	1
Florida, .....	1
Kansas, .....	1
Ohio, .....	1
Missouri, .....	1

## Number of girls studying

Instrumental Music, .....	138
History, .....	95
Mathematics, ... ..	108
"Lessons in English," and American Literature, .....	85
French, .....	78
Latin, .....	66
Vocal Music, .....	58
Natural Sciences, .....	48
Grammar,.....	43
English Literature, .....	41
Art, .....	46
Special Elocution,.....	34
Rhetoric and Anglo Saxon, .....	22
Descriptive and Physical Geography, .....	18
German, .....	16
China Painting,.....	11
Mental and Moral Science,.....	8
Book Keeping,.....	7
Type Writing and Stenography,.....	5
in Choral Class,.....	19
Number of Presbyterians,.....	76
"    "    Methodists, .....	20
"    "    Baptists, .....	18
"    "    Episcopalians, .....	10
"    "    Christians, .....	4
"    "    German Reformed, .....	2
"    "    Jewish faith, .....	2
"    "    unclassified, .....	24
Number of Democrats, ... ..	124
Number of Republicans, .....	8
Number "on the fence," .....	24
Number of girls in boarding department aged 17,.....	40
"        "        "        "        "        18,.....	32
"        "        "        "        "        16,.....	20
"        "        "        "        "        19,.....	14
"        "        "        "        "        14,.....	6



Number of girls in boarding department aged 13,.....	5
“ “ “ “ “ 20,.....	3
“ “ “ “ “ 15,.....	3
“ “ “ “ “ 12,.....	1
“ “ “ “ unclassified,.....	32
Number of real blonds,.....	35
“ “ brunettes, .....	50
“ girls having auburn hair, .....	6
Number of girls having dark hair and blue or gray eyes, .....	37
“ “ “ light hair and dark eyes, .....	6
“ “ not enrolled above, .....	21
Number of rolls baked each day, .....	900
“ barrels of flour used in a year, .....	150
“ bushels of apples, .....	700
“ barrels of sugar,.....	30
Number of pounds of chicken used in a year, .....	4500
“ “ turkey “ “ .....	3700
“ lemons used in a year,.....	unknown

### The Revelations of the Phonograph.

"Ah, what a glorious century is this! What great development! What wide field for enterprise! What magnificent inventions!"

"Just look at this last outcome of genius! Here is this small, insignificant box, yet press the tiny needle, speak a few words, turn the motar, and lo! your own voice issues from the instrument, pronouncing the words with the tones and inflections used by yourself."

"Ah, a glorious invention truly; and one which is destined to be a boon to the human race, many a criminal will it convict in that criminal's own words; many mysterious things will it reveal when taken from its hiding place in the walls of some palatial mansions or some neglected hovel."

"In the dim future I can see a time when historians in their zeal will have a phonograph in every room so that every word uttered by man may be recorded."

The speaker paused to look carefully at his new treasure, and to run his hand over its polished surface. His face, with its deep, searching grey eyes, strong mouth, and resolute jaw was one that struck terror to the heart of every guilty culprit, arraigned before him at the courts of justice, for he was no other than Mr. A——, the famous criminal lawyer.

On a table in the centre of a large, dingy office stood the object of all this cogitation, in its modest brown cover, giving no intimation of the tale it could unfold.

Then an idea, evidently a bright one, struck Mr. A. he leaned forward eagerly, toward the motar, and with a smile of satisfaction took his seat,—perhaps the phonograph already had some dark secret to disclose, who knows what deep laid plots and villanies had been whispered into its treacherous ears?

The lawyers keen delight in tales of horror and of woe evinced itself in a low chuckle, and a characteristic rubbing together of his hands.

Settling himself comfortably he prepared to listen to — — —, "Girls, do stop studying, I'm tired to death, and sick of books; let's tell jokes for awhile, I've got such a good one on Lula; the other day she was asked to decline I, and this is the way she did it,—Nom. I, Poss. I's, Obj. I'm.; kee-he-he—wasn't that funny? Its your turn Elizabeth."

"How can you expect Elizabeth to tell a joke, when she is always so much in Earnest?"

"Ah, Violet, don't try to be Cute(s). "Well, Pattie, I'd rather be Cute(s) than Merce(r)nary."

Tap-tap,—“Come in! Why, hello, Julia! What's the matter, what makes your face so flushed?"

"Why she Ran up the steps I suppose."

"Yes, I Ran because I was not a good Walker like Mary H."

"Oh, since you seem to be in the mood to-night, may I ask why Nellie's position when she goes to kiss is like that of the pitcher on the base-ball nine?"

"Don't you know? Do you give up? Why one is lip-up, and the other is Lip-op."

A wondering, half-dazed expression spread over the lawyer's face, giving way, first to a look of dawning knowledge, then to one of utter resignation. At last, he realized the horror of his situation,—the phonograph had been stored away in a girl's boarding school! With a martyr's sigh, he folded his arms and nerved himself for the fearful ordeal, determined to hear what followed, giggling and all, or die in the attempt. Again he turns his motar,—

"Girls, I wish you'd tell me why Lula is always singing "When the Robbins Nest Again?"

"And who it is that searches the map for Hampton R(h)odes?"

"Well, I'll tell you that, if you will tell me who will Shield Louise from the storms of life?"

"Have you heard Mammie, that since the recent ball-game, "Richard is himself again?"

"I understand that Laura's roses have the proverbial Thorn(s)."

"Well girls your puns make me right tired, but let me tell you something, a new girl said—I told her that Prof. Hamer was going to have a recital. She looked up at me in a very innocent way and said "A recital! what for, I didn't know he took elocution?"

"That's most as bad as Fan's saying that the only difference between Methodists and Presbyterians was that the Presbyterians believed in "Procrastination."

Or one of the Rhetorick class' saying Dante was one of the characters of Paradise Lost.

"Well I can beat those! the other day I saw a little darkey girl pass by with a black book under her arm that looked just like our music books, so I said, "Why little girl do you study *Harmony*?"—"No'm I eats it." •

"Why here comes Saidie in a broad grin. Come in and tell us the news."—"Oh, girls! kee-he—"I've got such a good one on Sallie,"—kee-he-he, "its all about her," kee-he—and that little fellow Bullitt," kee-he-he-he.

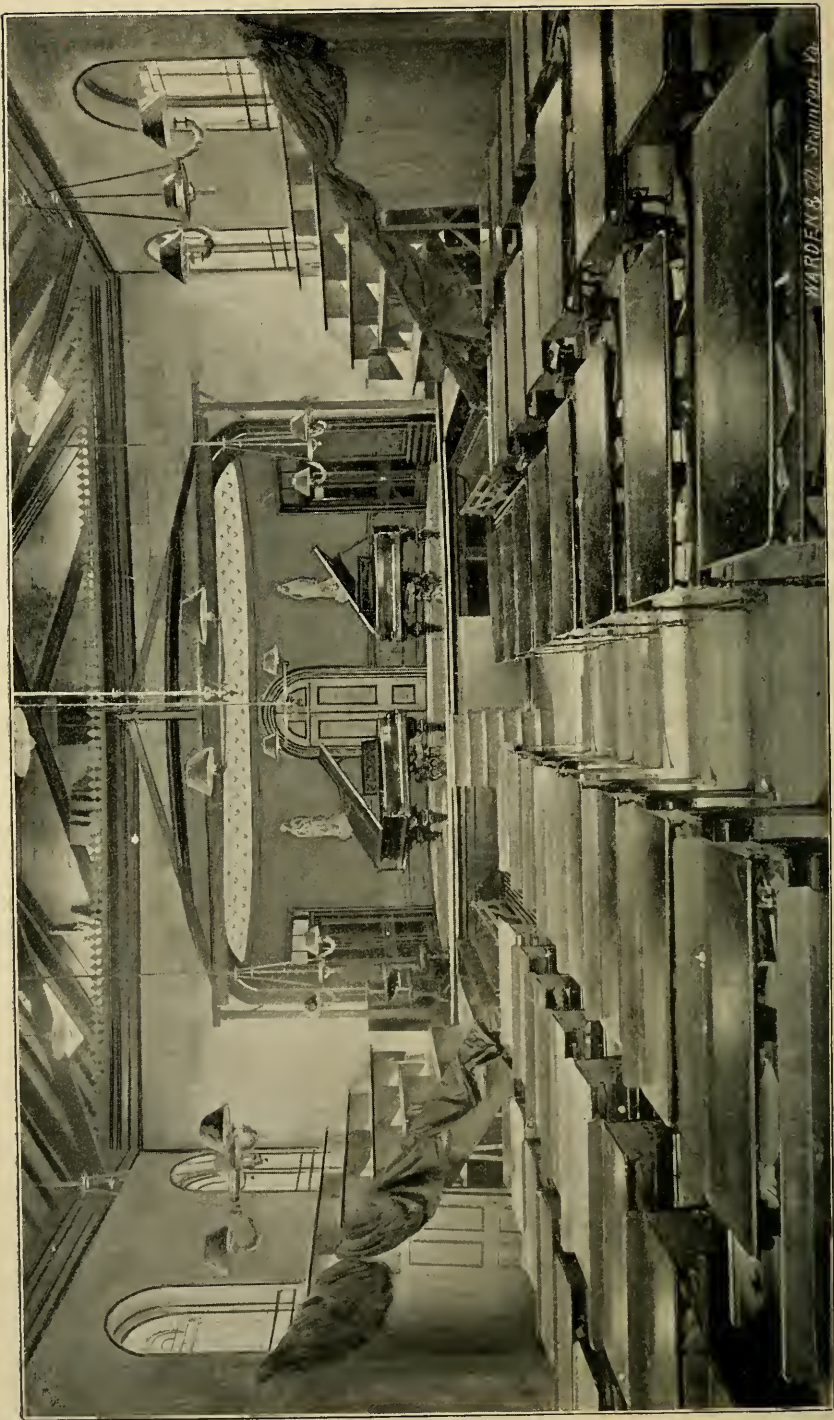
"Oh do tell us quick."

"Well-er, one day," kee-he-he, "oh it's too funny," kee-he.

"For goodness sake shut up talking and tell us."

"Well," kee-he, "one day," kee-he, "oh girls its too funny," kee-he-he-he, "er, one day," kee-he-he. Crash come the lawyer's feet down on the floor! bang goes his fist on the innocent instrument! With one wild look he has fled, shrieking, "he-he-he-he—heavens! can't they say any thing but he-he-he-he.?"





CHAPEL.

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## Commencement.

Gussie Bumgardner.

The old Chapel has put on its holiday array; the tattered shawls that usually adorn the windows are seen no more; the grand pianos have thrown aside their double coverings; the circus-benches even have arrayed their gaunt forms in clinging white draperies; down in the auditorium instead of the bent forms of heavy knowledge seekers are the waving plumes of fair lady visitors; and way back at the door and up in the gallery, oh, wonder of wonders! appears a mass of shoving, pushing, grinning, staring boys! What means this sudden transformation? ah, surely it is not hard to guess.

What else but Commencement could so change the aspect of this time-honored hall?

But now the first notes of a march are heard and the door flies open to admit an advancing column of radiant maidens, as they wind their way up the circus-benches amid fluttering ribbons and fleecy gauzes, one is reminded of Jacob's vision of angels, robed in their shining raiment, ascending and descending the golden ladder.

The entrance of these fairy creatures is the signal for the raising of opera glasses by the occupants of the gallery. For a few minutes this telescopic review is carried on without interruptions or distractions of any kind until the gentle rapping of the music professor's wand demands attention.

The audience listen patiently and with signs of appreciation to several long compositions, but at the appearance of eight young ladies at the four pianos, a martyred look spreads over every face, and distressed glances are turned from side to side in search of some diversion.

The school-girl of contemplative turn of mind seizes this opportunity to muse on the mutabilities of this life,—she contrasts this gay scene, the bright lights, the dashing music, the pretty girls, the admiring audience, the beaming teachers, the jubilant youths, with a dreary school-Mon-

day, when the drowsy hum of a halting school-girl is the only sound save an occasional whisper from the chapel below where twenty or thirty girls sit disconsolate over their tasks; when the sole occupants of the circus-benches are one or two culprits, who, banished thither for their talking proclivities, dangle their feet in solitary state; and the gallery, alas! is empty and forlorn, given over to the empire of dust and cobwebs.

Now, too, the student of human nature may study the different phases represented in a gathering of this kind. Here is the proud mother or father, watching with loving admiration every movement of the fair young daughter as her hands glide over the keys; yonder is the young girl perched high in the window who likes to talk and be talked about; over there in the gallery stands the opera-glass young man, who winks and smiles at every damsel who may cast by chance a glance in his direction; there on that bench sits the small boy, whose head nods suspiciously but whose dignity forbids him close his eye; near the front sit the honored faculty with conscious smiles, suggestive of finished work and new black silks; and by the door stands the policeman with his back firmly planted against the wall, as if to say,

"Come one! come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."

In time the four pianos cease, and then follow an innumerable force of solos, duos and quartettes. Among the many we can only distinguish the graduates: Edna Foulkes, Ida Kinloch, Annie Walter, Laura Gilmer, who, in common with all graduates look lovely, get lovely flowers, and play with ease and grace.

The programme ends with the same Octette that has never been played before. No doubt the young ladies show skilful execution, but who can tell! for where is the man who has heard one Octette and has ever been guilty of listening to a second? A sort of suppressed excitement seizes the audience; the boys near the door edge closer and closer; the girls on the benches lean forward eagerly to exchange smiles with the friends they hope to speak to if this Octette ever ends; the policeman

assumes, if possible, a more determined air, and even the worthy principal shares the general feeling and casts uneasy glances at the gallery and the circus-benches.

Crash! bang! go the last notes—then comes the wild rush for the stage; the girls, pell-mell down from their lofty perches, very disorderly angels now; the boys, headlong over chairs and desks in their wild anxiety to reach the goal of their desires; beaming mothers and fathers hastening to greet their equally beaming daughters. For two brief minutes compliments or congratulations flow on in an uninterrupted stream, then comes the dread fiat, “the young ladies will please retire.” A few parting words, a few parting looks, and they make their way reluctantly from the stage, some, with thoughts intent upon the glories of the day; some, thinking sadly of the near parting from familiar faces; and some looking eagerly to the morrow when they shall receive the just reward of long and patient toil.

The large crowd “homeward plods its weary way,” each one firmly resolved never to come to a school Commencement again. Yet on the morrow here they all are. All eager to know who are the favored few upon whom medals and blue ribbons are bestowed; all quick to note that fair faces look fairer when “hidden <sup>d</sup> from day’s garish eye;” all curious to see if Master Baldwin Darrow will carry out the medals with the important air that characterized his predecessor; and all wondering why the girls, when all is over, instead of lingering over sad farewells, hasten away with joyful expectancy written on every face. Ah! they do not know that *The Augusta Seminary Annual* is being distributed in the hall below, and that every young lady who has received honors on this glorious occasion may find her name in print in the following list:

**Prizes.***Preparatory Department.*

For greatest number of perfect recitations,

Miss Abbie McFarland,.....Virginia.

“ Muriel Powers, ... ..Virginia.

Latin—Second Class,

Miss Mary White,.....Georgia.

Latin—First Class,

Miss Marguerite Powers, .....Maryland.

“ Stewart Letford,.....Georgia.

*Intermediate Department.*

For Excellence in Dictation,

Miss Mary Newman,.....Tennessee.

“ Sallie Pace, .....Virginia.

For Excellence in Crayon,

Miss Eliza Orto, .....Arkansas.

“ Addie Perkins,.....Alabama.

“ Nellie Williamson, .....South Carolina.

For Excellence in Composttion,

Miss Julia Alexander, .....North Carolina.

*Senior Department.*

General Elocution,

Miss Marian Davis,.....Georgia.

Ancient History,

Miss Louise Powers,.....Maryland.

Modern History,

Miss Edith Wallace,.....South Carolina.

Ancient and Modern History,

Miss Sallie Davis,.....North Carolina.

Chemistry,

Miss Marguerite Powers,.....Maryland.

“ Louise Powers,.....Maryland.

Mental and Moral Philosophy,

Miss Agnes Armstrong,.....Virginia.

Rhetoric, Anglo Saxon, and Literature,	
Miss Elizabeth McMillan,.....	Kentucky.
English Literature,	
Miss Lizzie Newman,.....	Virginia.
English Composition,	
Miss Gussie Bumgardner, .....	Virginia.

### **Medals.**

Excellence in Calisthenics,	
Miss Sadie Caswell, .....	Texas.
Excellence in Gymnastics,	
Miss Bessie Young, .....	Virginia.
Improvement in Drawing and Painting,	
Miss Sudie Parrott. ....	North Carolina.
Crayon—Second Honor,	
Miss Sophie Bibb, .....	Alabama.
Painting—Second Honor,	
Miss Mattie Gilmer,.....	Texas.
Excellence in Drawing and Painting,	
Miss Olivia Summers, ..	Virginia.
Excellence in Elocution,	
Miss Sadie Caswell, .....	Texas.
French—Intermediate Class,	
Miss Nettie DuBose .....	China.
“ Lizzie Robertson,.....	Virginia.
French—First Class,	
Miss Pauline DuBose.....	China.
German.	
Miss Lizzie Robertson, .....	Virginia.
Latin—Intermediate Class.	
Miss Margaret Lane, .....	Brazil.
Latin—Senior Class,	
Miss Elizabeth McMillan,.....	Kentucky.
English Composition,	
Miss Margaret Lane, .....	Brazil.
“ Elizabeth McMillan,.....	Kentucky.
English Composition,—First Honor.	
Miss Olivia Summerson, .....	Virginia.

*Music.*

## Improvement on Piano,

Miss Margaret Crawford, .....	Virginia.
“ Pauline DuBose, .....	China.
“ Maggie McCorkle, .....	Virginia.
“ Bessie McFarland, .....	Texas.
“ Ruth Millard, .....	Pennsylvania.
“ Ella Paris, .....	Virginia.

## Improvement in Vocal Music.

Miss Elizabeth Johns, .....	Kentucky.
“ Ida Kinloch, .....	South Carolina.
“ Sudie Parrott, .....	North Carolina.

## Excellence on Piano.

Miss Sara Atlee, .....	Tennessee.
“ Mary Barbour, .....	Kentucky.
“ Lee Benson, .....	Arkansas.
“ Loulu Matthews, .....	Arkansas.
“ Bessie Summerson, .....	Virginia.

## Excellence in Vocal Music.

Miss Loulu Matthews, .....	Arkansas.
“ Ella Paris, .....	Virginia.

## Excellence in Instrumental and Vocal Music,

Miss Julia Castex, .....	North Carolina.
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## Second Honor—(Piano),

Miss Gertrude Alby, .....	Virginia.
---------------------------	-----------

## Second Honor—(Vocal Music),

Miss Fannie Paris, .....	Virginia.
“ Lizzie Robertson, .....	Virginia.
“ Nellie Williams, .....	Georgia.

## First Honor—(Piano),

Miss Edna Foulkes, .....	Alabama.
“ Ida Kinloch, .....	South Carolina.

## First Honor—(Vocal Music),

Miss Alice Hill, .....	Kansas.
------------------------	---------

## Instrumental and Vocal Music,

Miss Laura Gilmer, .....	Texas.
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
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DR. N. WAYT & BRO.,  
DRUGGISTS,

No 16 W. Main St.,      STAUNTON, VA.

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
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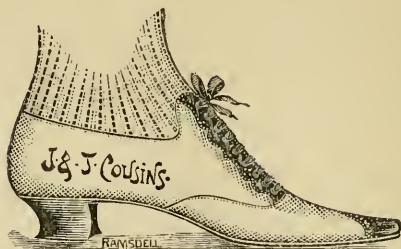
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
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